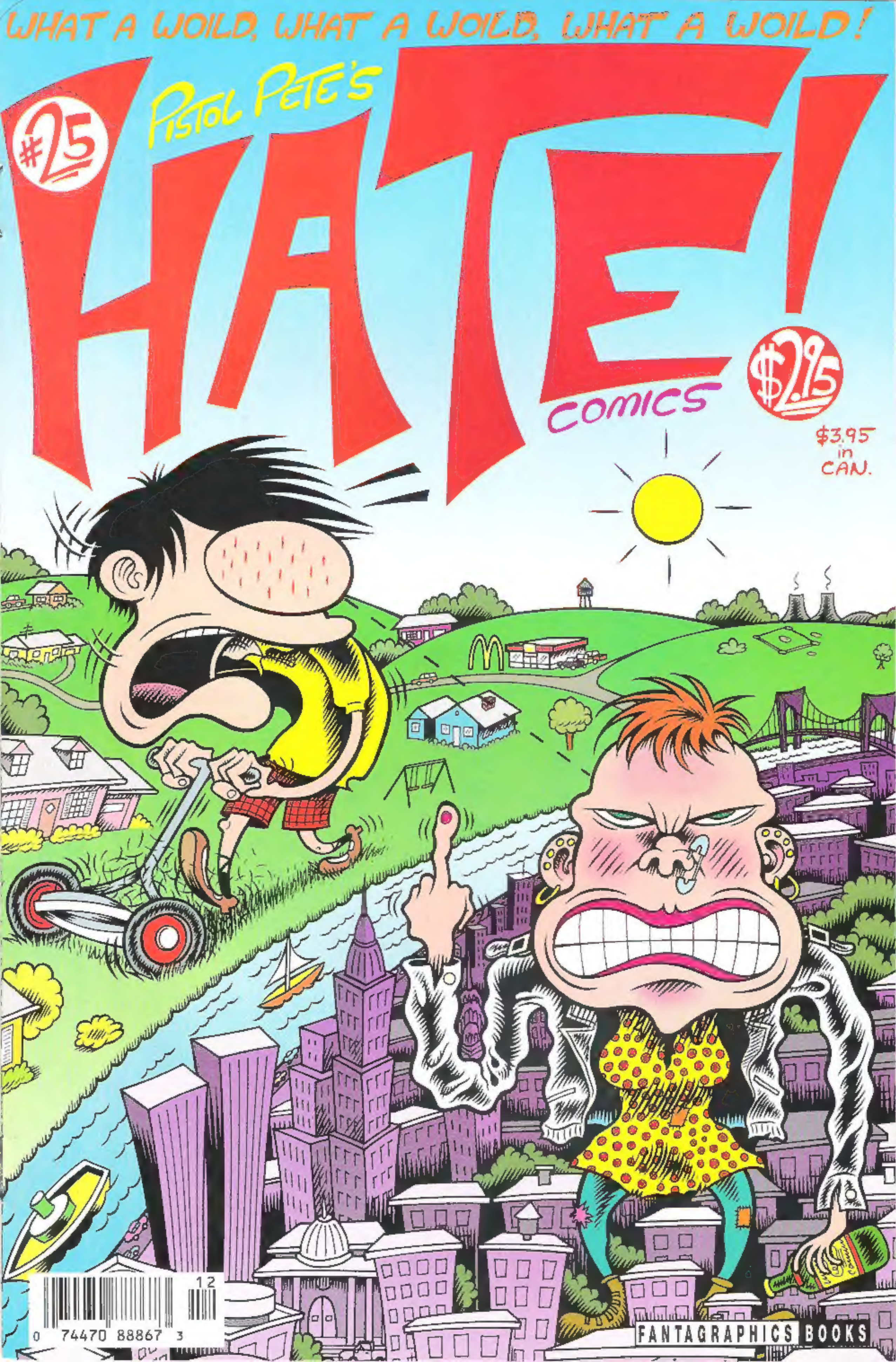

WHAT A WOILD, WHAT A WOILD, WHAT A WOILD!
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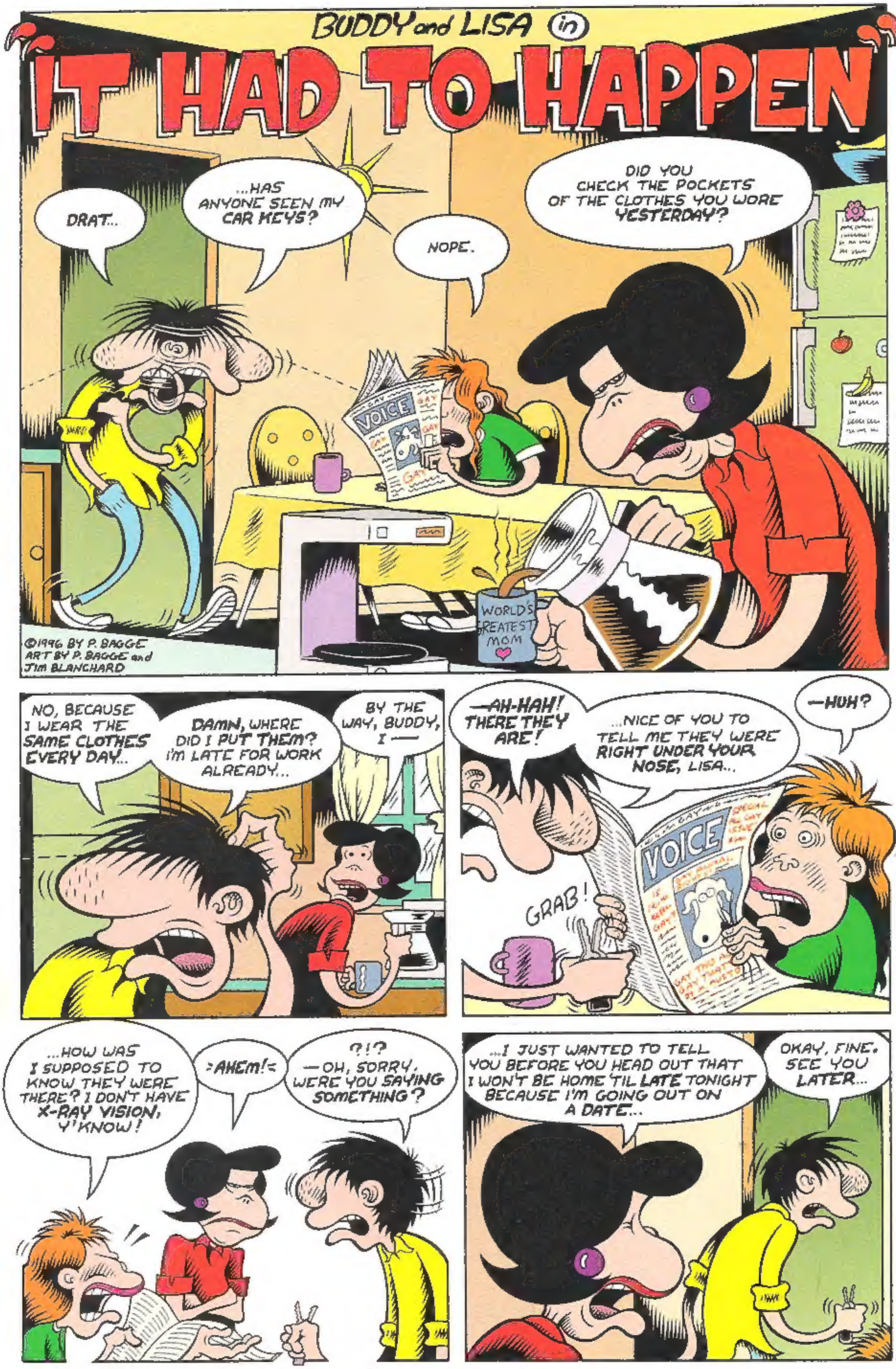
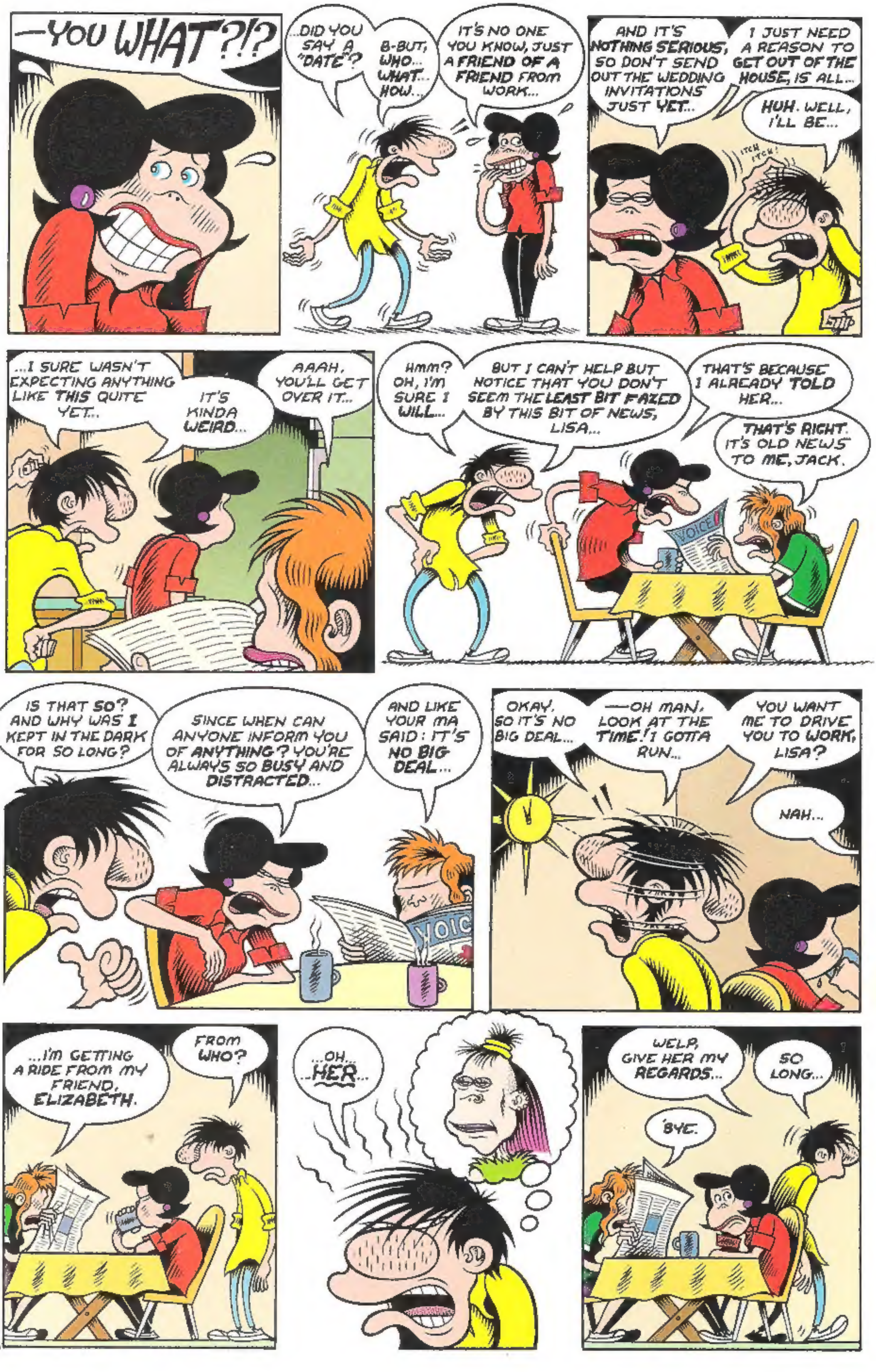
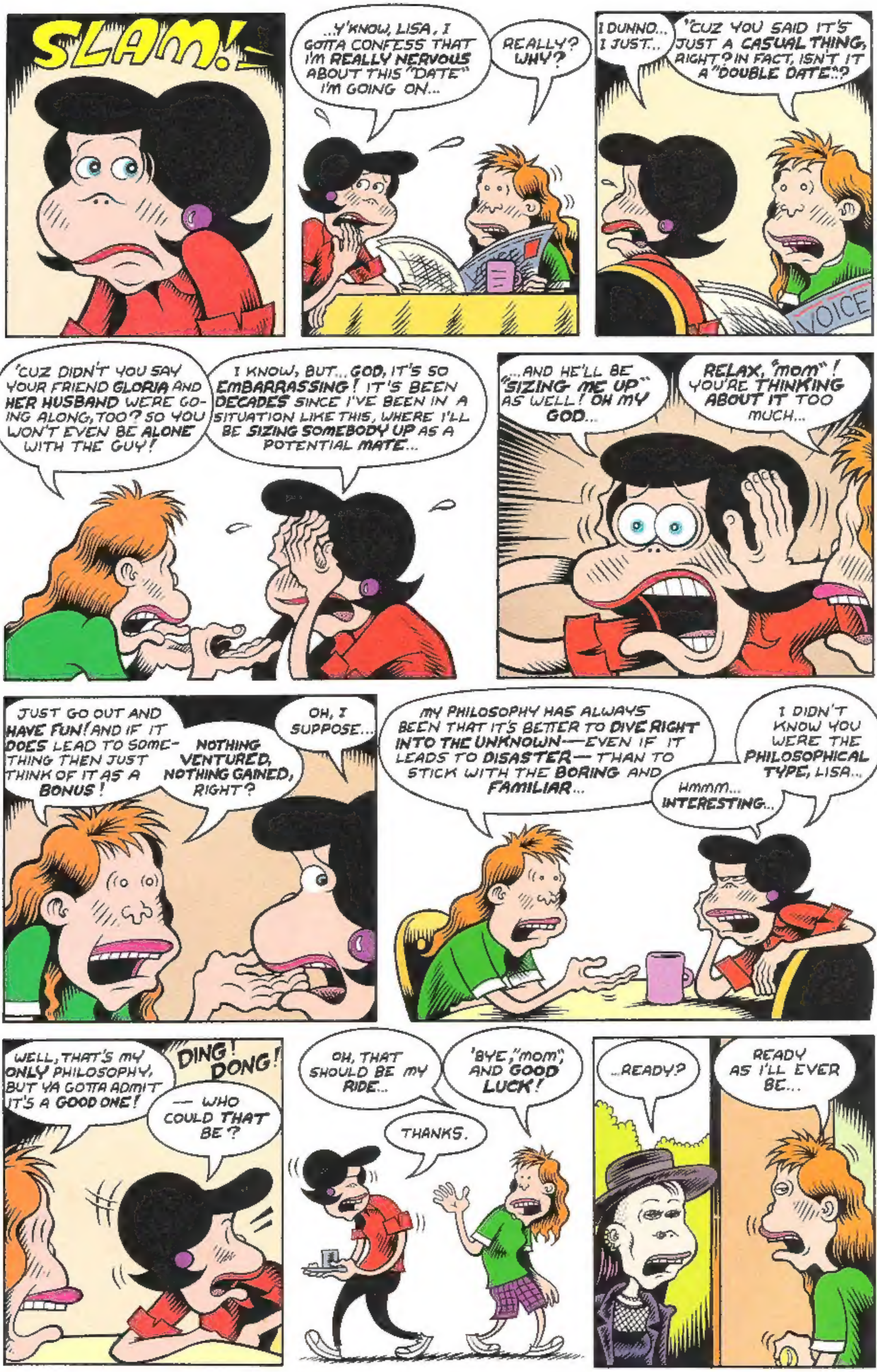
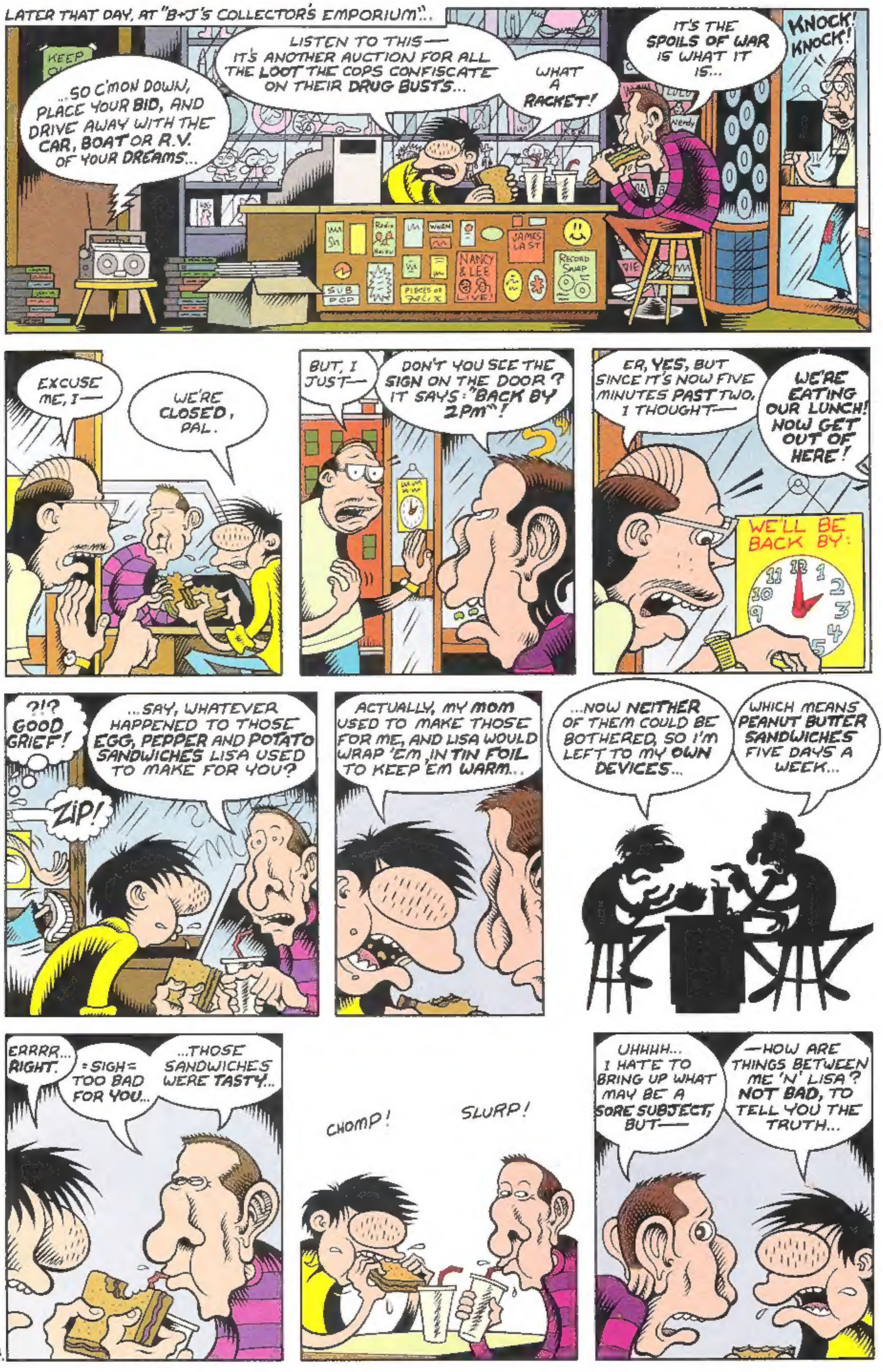

BUDDY and LISA in
IT HAD TO HAPPEN
DRAT...
...HAS ANYONE SEEN MY CAR KEYS?
NOPE.
DID YOU CHECK THE POCKETS OF THE CLOTHES YOU WORE YESTERDAY?
VOICE
WORLD'S GREATEST MOM
©1996 BY P. BAGGE
ART BY P. BAGGE and JIM BLANCHARD
NO, BECAUSE I WEAR THE SAME CLOTHES EVERY DAY...
DAMN, WHERE DID I PUT THEM? I'M LATE FOR WORK ALREADY...
BY THE WAY, BUDDY, I —
—AH-HAH! THERE THEY ARE!
...NICE OF YOU TO TELL ME THEY WERE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, LISA...
—HUH?
GRAB!
VOICE
...HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THEY WERE THERE? I DON'T HAVE X-RAY VISION, Y'KNOW!
>AHEM!<
?!? —OH, SORRY. WERE YOU SAYING SOMETHING?
...I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU BEFORE YOU HEAD OUT THAT I WON'T BE HOME 'TIL LATE TONIGHT BECAUSE I'M GOING OUT ON A DATE...
OKAY, FINE. SEE YOU LATER...

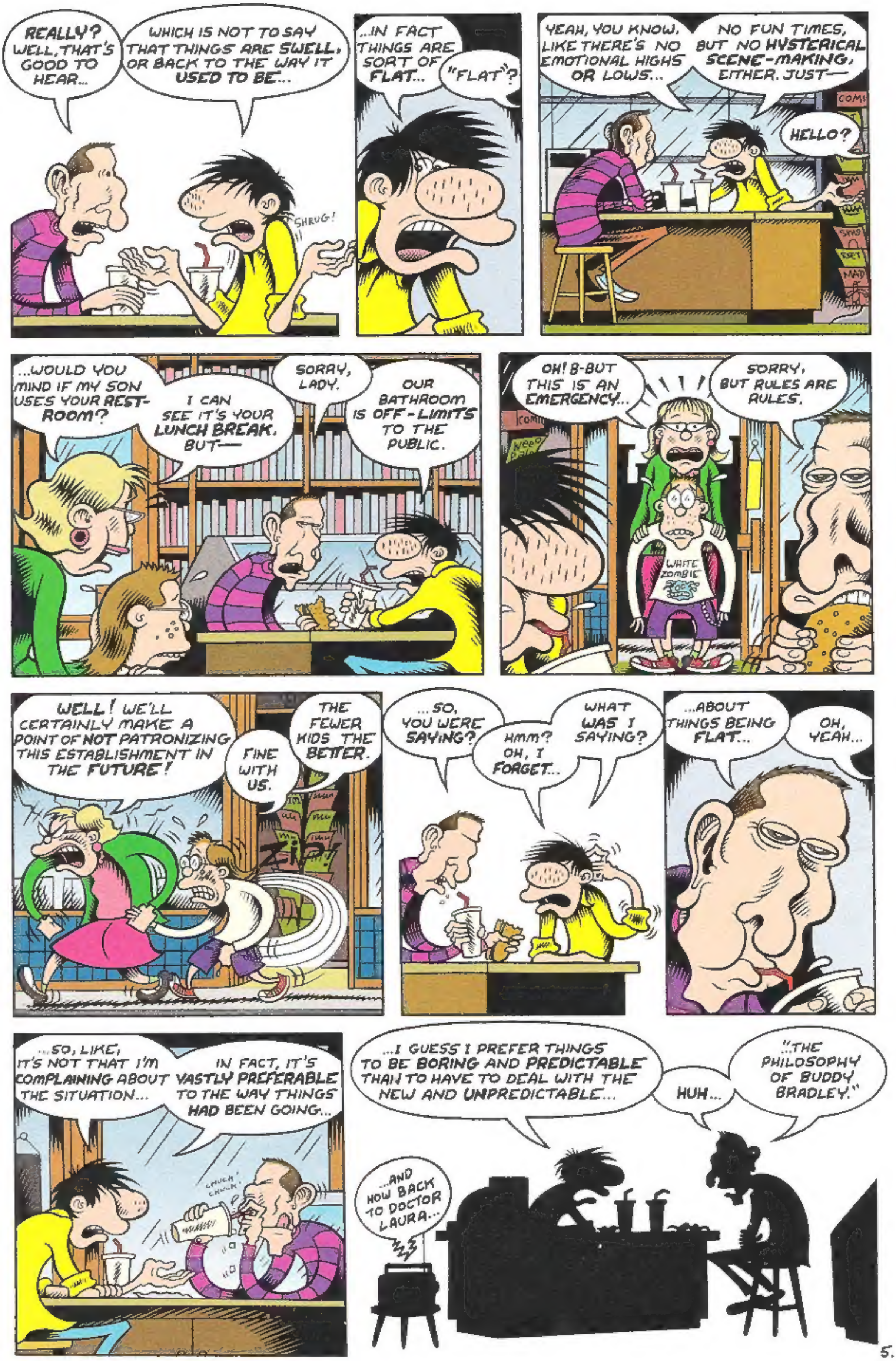

—YOU WHAT?!?
...DID YOU SAY A "DATE"?
B-BUT, WHO... WHAT... HOW...
IT'S NO ONE YOU KNOW, JUST A FRIEND OF A FRIEND FROM WORK...
AND IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS, SO DON'T SEND OUT THE WEDDING INVITATIONS JUST YET...
I JUST NEED A REASON TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE, IS ALL...
HUH. WELL, I'LL BE...
ITCH ITCH!
...I SURE WASN'T EXPECTING ANYTHING LIKE THIS QUITE YET...
IT'S KINDA WEIRD...
AAAH, YOU'LL GET OVER IT...
HMM? OH, I'M SURE I WILL...
BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOU DON'T SEEM THE LEAST BIT FAZED BY THIS BIT OF NEWS, LISA...
THAT'S BECAUSE I ALREADY TOLD HER...
THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S OLD NEWS TO ME, JACK.
VOICE
IS THAT SO? AND WHY WAS I KEPT IN THE DARK FOR SO LONG?
SINCE WHEN CAN ANYONE INFORM YOU OF ANYTHING? YOU'RE ALWAYS SO BUSY AND DISTRACTED...
AND LIKE YOUR MA SAID: IT'S NO BIG DEAL...
VOIC
OKAY, SO IT'S NO BIG DEAL...
—OH MAN, LOOK AT THE TIME! I GOTTA RUN...
YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE YOU TO WORK, LISA?
NAH...
...I'M GETTING A RIDE FROM MY FRIEND, ELIZABETH.
FROM WHO?
...OH... ...HER...
WELP, GIVE HER MY REGARDS...
SO LONG...
'BYE.

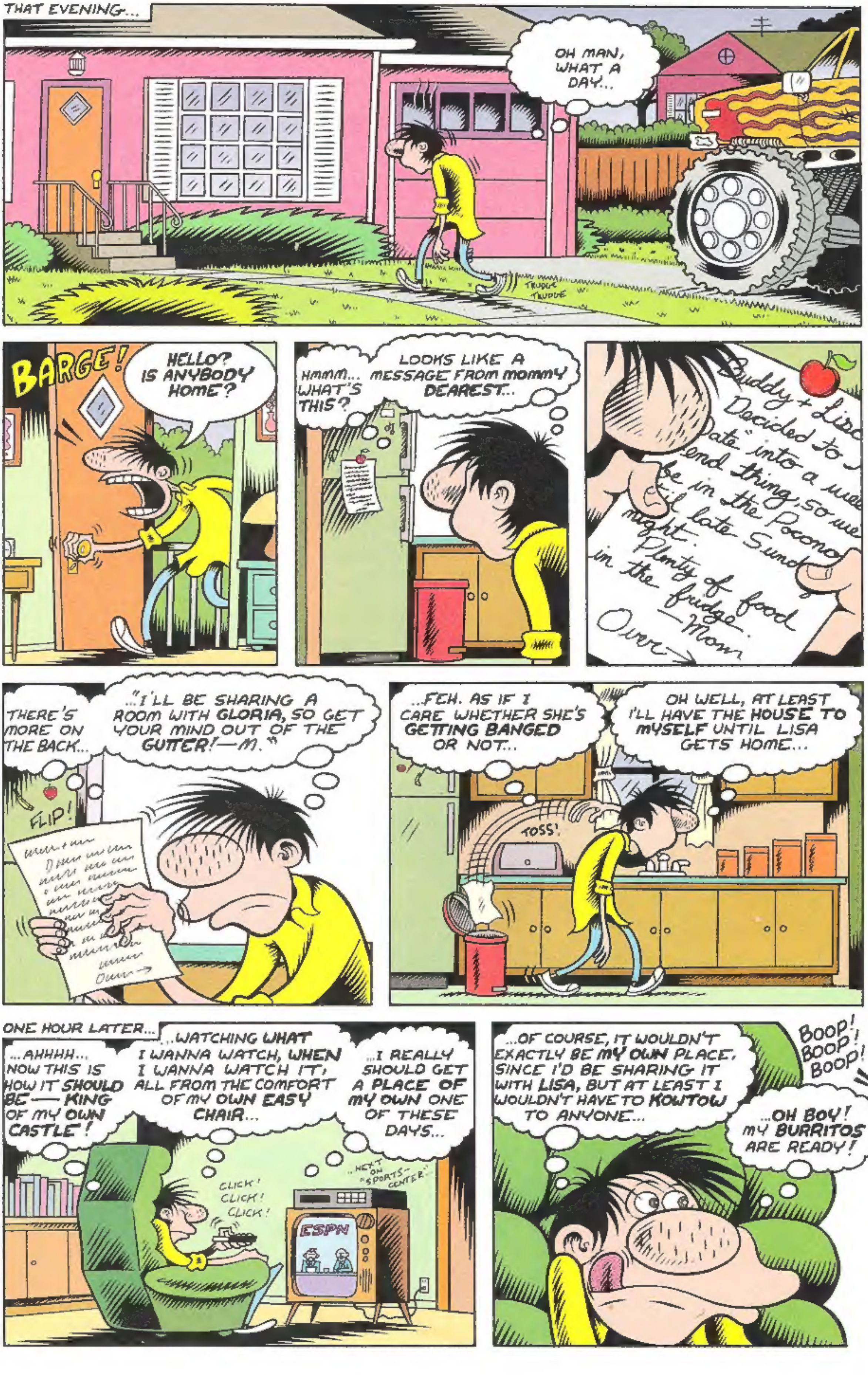


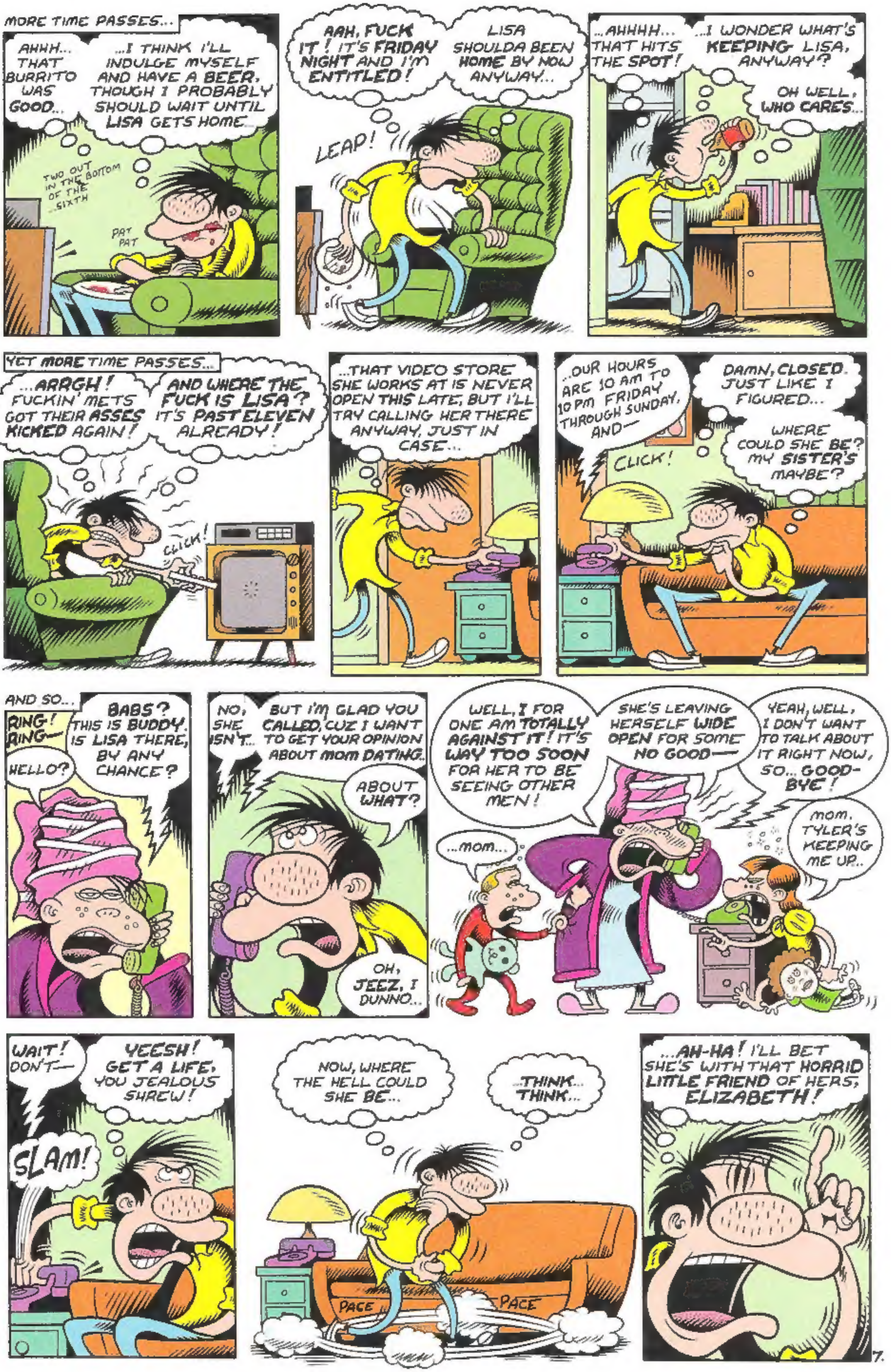
SLAM!
...Y'KNOW, LISA, I GOTTA CONFESS THAT I'M REALLY NERVOUS ABOUT THIS "DATE" I'M GOING ON...
REALLY? WHY?
I DUNNO... I JUST...
'CUZ YOU SAID IT'S JUST A CASUAL THING, RIGHT? IN FACT, ISN'T IT A "DOUBLE DATE"?
VOICE
'CUZ DIDN'T YOU SAY YOUR FRIEND GLORIA AND HER HUSBAND WERE GOING ALONG, TOO? SO YOU WON'T EVEN BE ALONE WITH THE GUY!
I KNOW, BUT... GOD, IT'S SO EMBARRASSING! IT'S BEEN DECADES SINCE I'VE BEEN IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, WHERE I'LL BE SIZING SOMEBODY UP AS A POTENTIAL MATE...
...AND HE'LL BE "SIZING ME UP" AS WELL! OH MY GOD...
RELAX, "mom"! YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT IT TOO MUCH...
JUST GO OUT AND HAVE FUN! AND IF IT DOES LEAD TO SOMETHING THEN JUST THINK OF IT AS A BONUS!
NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED, RIGHT?
OH, I SUPPOSE...
MY PHILOSOPHY HAS ALWAYS BEEN THAT IT'S BETTER TO DIVE RIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWN — EVEN IF IT LEADS TO DISASTER — THAN TO STICK WITH THE BORING AND FAMILIAR...
HMMM... INTERESTING...
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THE PHILOSOPHICAL TYPE, LISA...
WELL, THAT'S MY ONLY PHILOSOPHY, BUT YA GOTTA ADMIT IT'S A GOOD ONE!
DING! DONG!
— WHO COULD THAT BE?
OH, THAT SHOULD BE MY RIDE...
'BYE, "mom", AND GOOD LUCK!
THANKS.
...READY?
READY AS I'LL EVER BE...

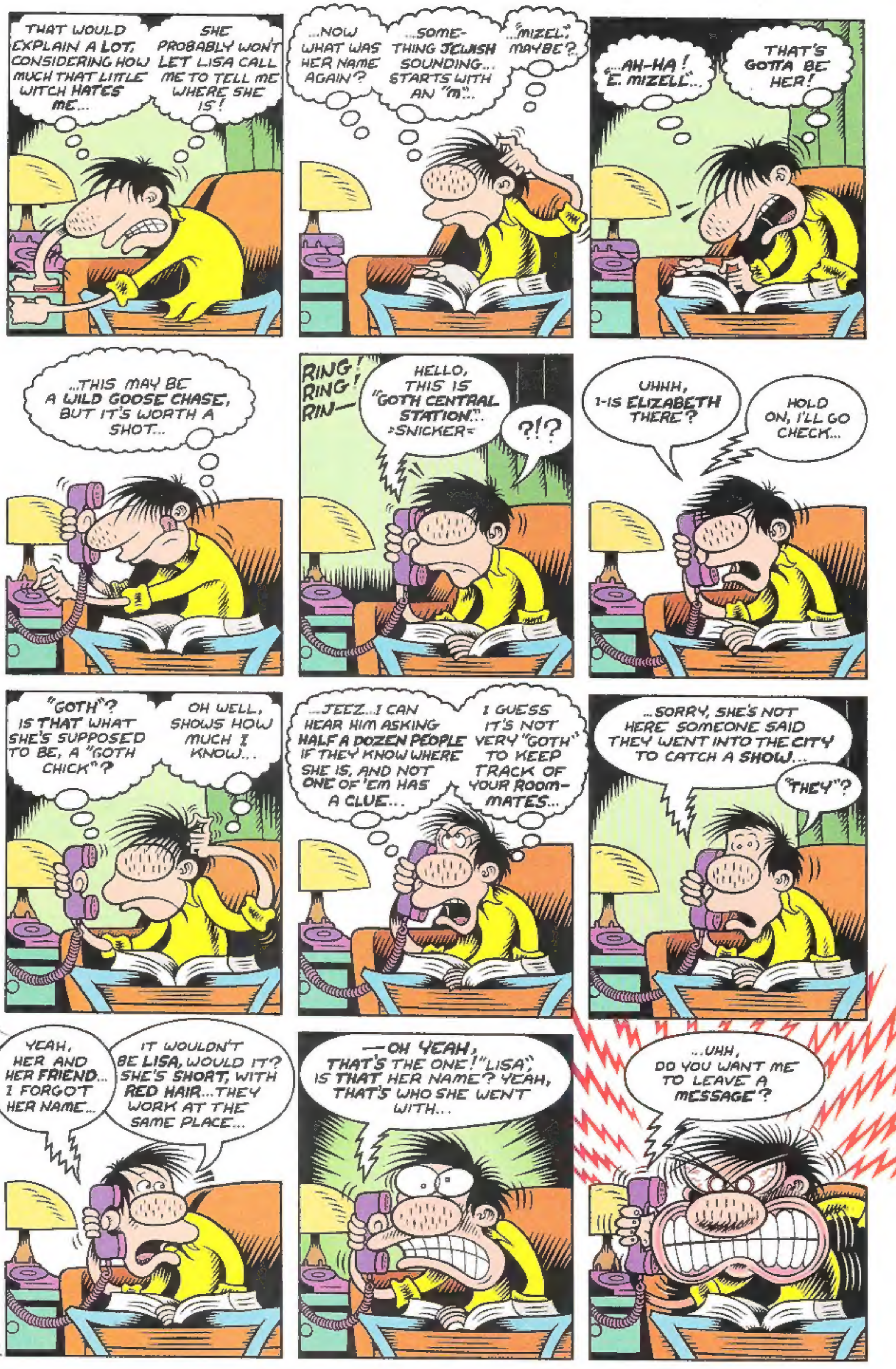


LATER THAT DAY, AT "B+J'S COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM"...
...SO C'MON DOWN, PLACE YOUR BID, AND DRIVE AWAY WITH THE CAR, BOAT OR R.V. OF YOUR DREAMS...
LISTEN TO THIS— IT'S ANOTHER AUCTION FOR ALL THE LOOT THE COPS CONFISCATE ON THEIR DRUG BUSTS...
WHAT A RACKET!
IT'S THE SPOILS OF WAR IS WHAT IT IS...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
EXCUSE ME, I—
WE'RE CLOSED, PAL.
BUT, I JUST—
DON'T YOU SEE THE SIGN ON THE DOOR? IT SAYS: "BACK BY 2PM"!
ER, YES, BUT SINCE IT'S NOW FIVE MINUTES PAST TWO, I THOUGHT—
WE'RE EATING OUR LUNCH! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'LL BE BACK BY:
?!? GOOD GRIEF!
...SAY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THOSE EGG, PEPPER AND POTATO SANDWICHES LISA USED TO MAKE FOR YOU?
ZIP!
ACTUALLY, MY MOM USED TO MAKE THOSE FOR ME, AND LISA WOULD WRAP 'EM IN TIN FOIL TO KEEP 'EM WARM...
...NOW NEITHER OF THEM COULD BE BOTHERED, SO I'M LEFT TO MY OWN DEVICES...
WHICH MEANS PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES FIVE DAYS A WEEK...
ERRRR... RIGHT.
=SIGH= TOO BAD FOR YOU...
...THOSE SANDWICHES WERE TASTY...
CHOMP!
SLURP!
UHHHH... I HATE TO BRING UP WHAT MAY BE A SORE SUBJECT, BUT—
—HOW ARE THINGS BETWEEN ME 'N' LISA? NOT BAD, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...

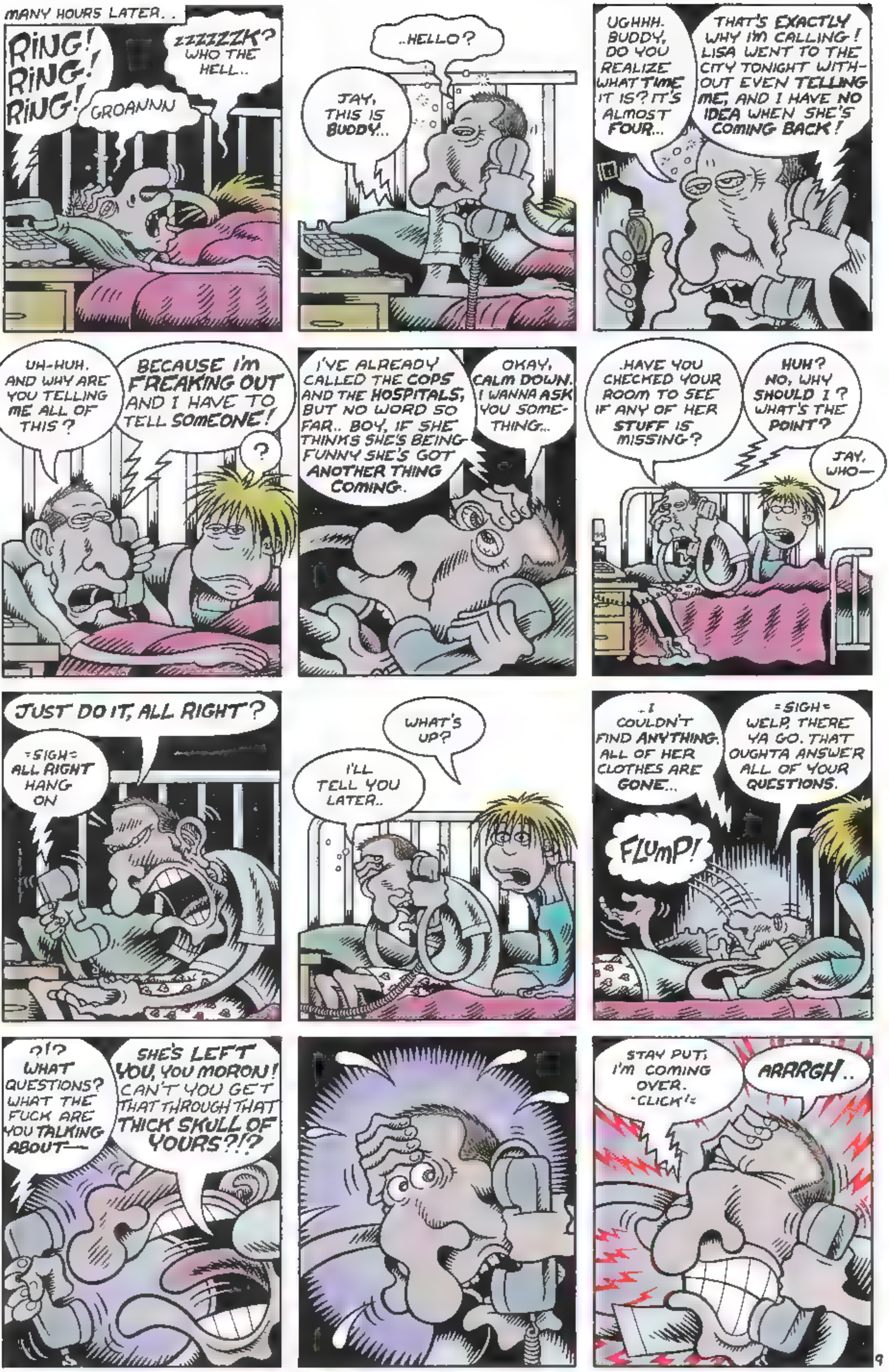

REALLY? WELL, THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR...
WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THAT THINGS ARE SWELL, OR BACK TO THE WAY IT USED TO BE...
SHRUG!
...IN FACT THINGS ARE SORT OF FLAT...
"FLAT"?
YEAH, YOU KNOW, LIKE THERE'S NO EMOTIONAL HIGHS OR LOWS...
NO FUN TIMES, BUT NO HYSTERICAL SCENE-MAKING, EITHER. JUST—
HELLO?
...WOULD YOU MIND IF MY SON USES YOUR REST-ROOM?
I CAN SEE IT'S YOUR LUNCH BREAK, BUT—
SORRY, LADY.
OUR BATHROOM IS OFF-LIMITS TO THE PUBLIC.
OH! B-BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY...
SORRY, BUT RULES ARE RULES.
WHITE ZOMBIE
WELL! WE'LL CERTAINLY MAKE A POINT OF NOT PATRONIZING THIS ESTABLISHMENT IN THE FUTURE!
FINE WITH US.
THE FEWER KIDS THE BETTER.
...SO, YOU WERE SAYING?
HMM? OH, I FORGET...
WHAT WAS I SAYING?
...ABOUT THINGS BEING FLAT...
OH, YEAH...
...SO, LIKE, IT'S NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SITUATION...
IN FACT, IT'S VASTLY PREFERABLE TO THE WAY THINGS HAD BEEN GOING...
...I GUESS I PREFER THINGS TO BE BORING AND PREDICTABLE THAN TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE NEW AND UNPREDICTABLE...
HUH...
"...THE PHILOSOPHY OF BUDDY BRADLEY."
...AND NOW BACK TO DOCTOR LAURA...

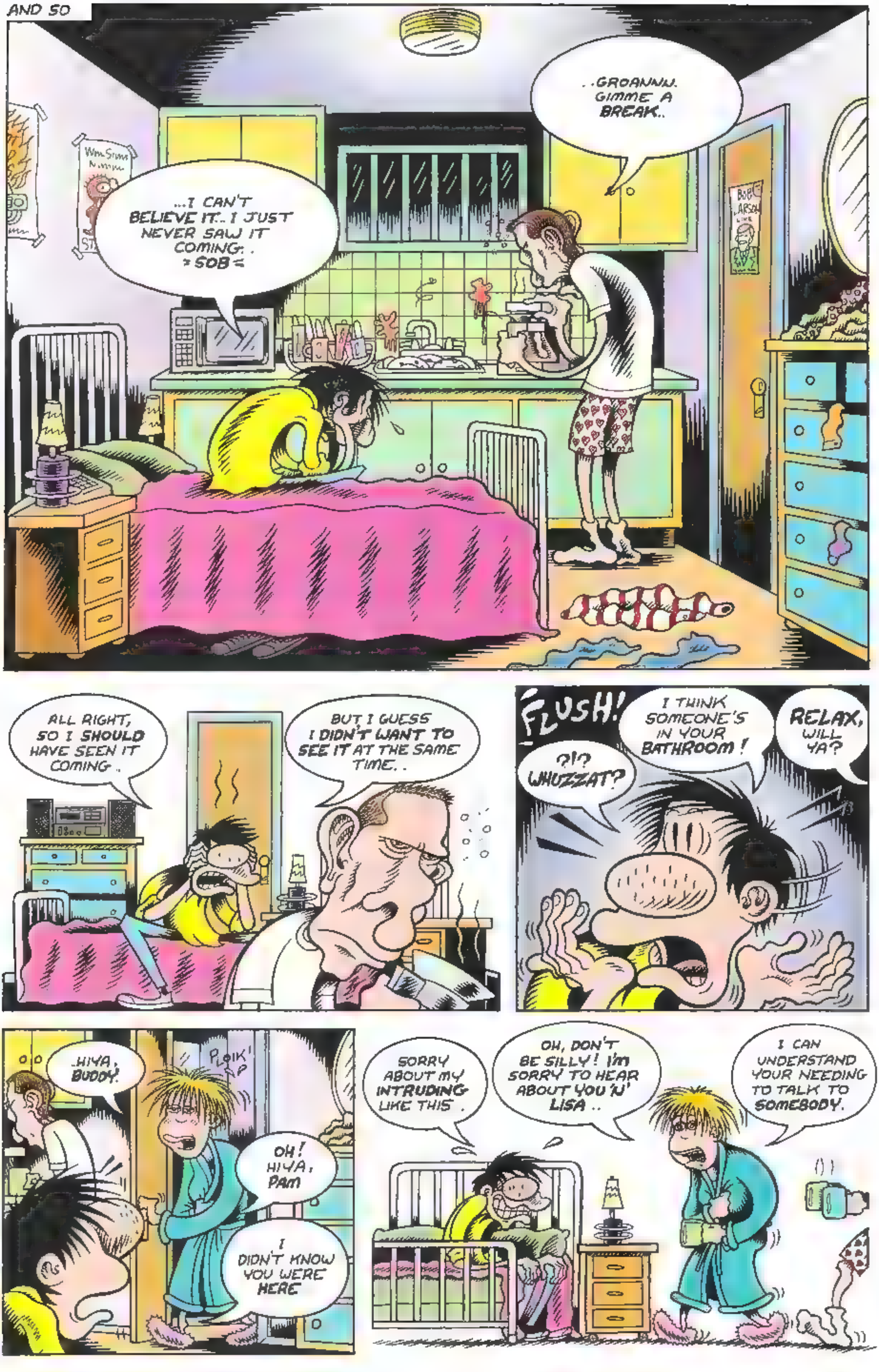

THAT EVENING...
OH MAN, WHAT A DAY...
TRUDGE TRUDGE
BARGE!
HELLO? IS ANYBODY HOME?
HMMM... WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE A MESSAGE FROM MOMMY DEAREST...
Buddy + Lisa
Decided to
"ate" into a wee
end thing, so we
be in the Pocono
til late Sunday
night.
Plenty of food
in the fridge.
— Mom
Over →
THERE'S MORE ON THE BACK...
..."I'LL BE SHARING A ROOM WITH GLORIA, SO GET YOUR MIND OUT OF THE GUTTER! —M."
FLIP!
...FEH. AS IF I CARE WHETHER SHE'S GETTING BANGED OR NOT...
OH WELL, AT LEAST I'LL HAVE THE HOUSE TO MYSELF UNTIL LISA GETS HOME...
TOSS!
ONE HOUR LATER...
...AHHHH... NOW THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE — KING OF MY OWN CASTLE!
...WATCHING WHAT I WANNA WATCH, WHEN I WANNA WATCH IT, ALL FROM THE COMFORT OF MY OWN EASY CHAIR...
...I REALLY SHOULD GET A PLACE OF MY OWN ONE OF THESE DAYS...
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
...NEXT ON "SPORTS-CENTER"
ESPN
...OF COURSE, IT WOULDN'T EXACTLY BE MY OWN PLACE, SINCE I'D BE SHARING IT WITH LISA, BUT AT LEAST I WOULDN'T HAVE TO KOWTOW TO ANYONE...
BOOP! BOOP! BOOP!
...OH BOY! MY BURRITOS ARE READY!

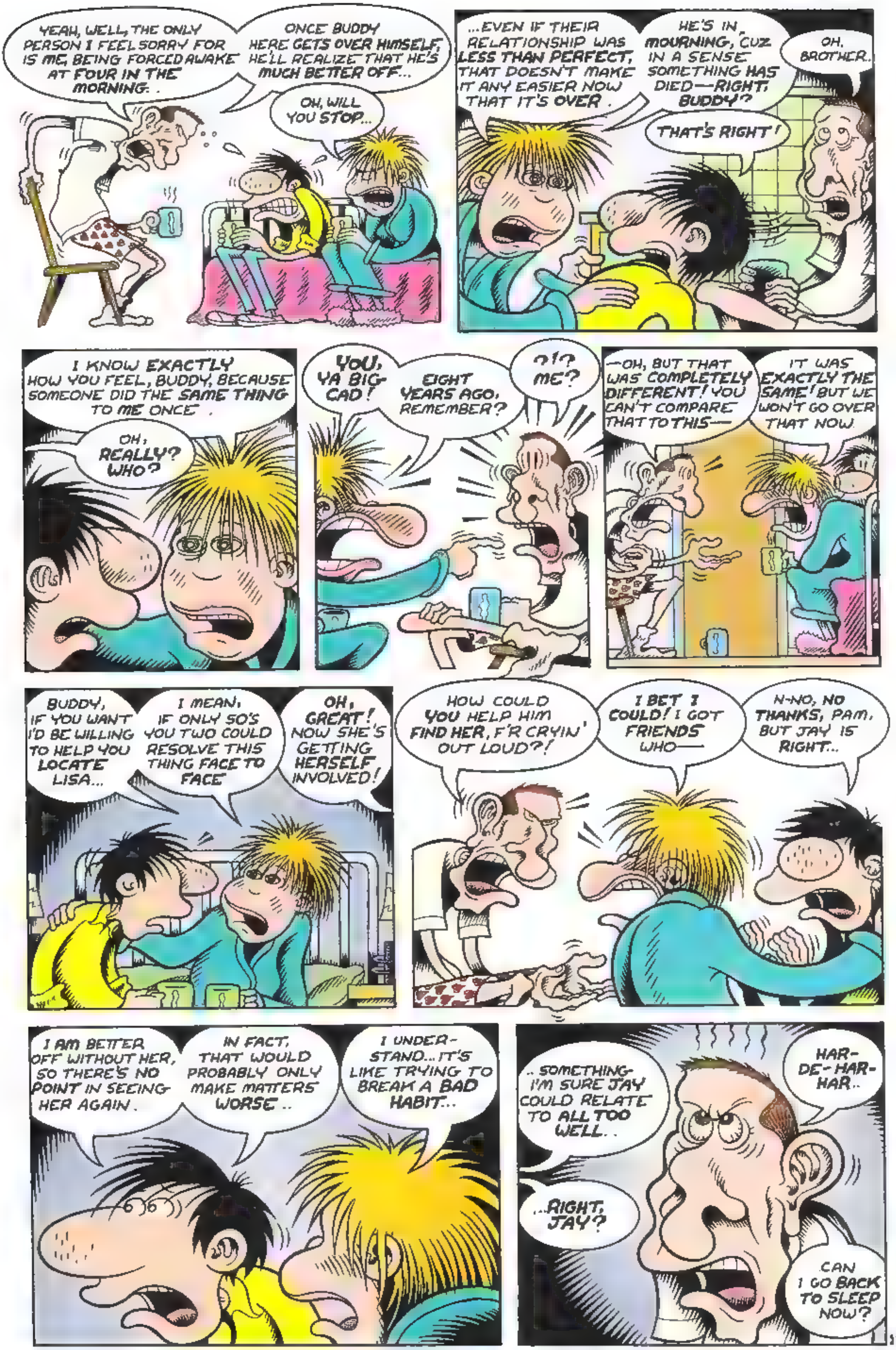

MORE TIME PASSES...
AHHH... THAT BURRITO WAS GOOD...
...I THINK I'LL INDULGE MYSELF AND HAVE A BEER, THOUGH I PROBABLY SHOULD WAIT UNTIL LISA GETS HOME...
TWO OUT IN THE BOTTOM OF THE ...SIXTH
PAT PAT
AAH, FUCK IT! IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AND I'M ENTITLED!
LISA SHOULDA BEEN HOME BY NOW ANYWAY...
LEAP!
...AHHHH... THAT HITS THE SPOT!
...I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING LISA, ANYWAY?
OH WELL, WHO CARES...
YET MORE TIME PASSES...
...ARRGH! FUCKIN' METS GOT THEIR ASSES KICKED AGAIN!
AND WHERE THE FUCK IS LISA? IT'S PAST ELEVEN ALREADY!
CLICK!
...THAT VIDEO STORE SHE WORKS AT IS NEVER OPEN THIS LATE, BUT I'LL TRY CALLING HER THERE ANYWAY, JUST IN CASE...
...OUR HOURS ARE 10 AM TO 10 PM FRIDAY THROUGH SUNDAY, AND—
CLICK!
DAMN, CLOSED. JUST LIKE I FIGURED...
WHERE COULD SHE BE? MY SISTER'S MAYBE?
AND SO...
RING! RING—
BABS? THIS IS BUDDY. IS LISA THERE, BY ANY CHANCE?
HELLO?
NO, SHE ISN'T...
BUT I'M GLAD YOU CALLED, CUZ I WANT TO GET YOUR OPINION ABOUT MOM DATING...
ABOUT WHAT?
OH, JEEZ, I DUNNO...
WELL, I FOR ONE AM TOTALLY AGAINST IT! IT'S WAY TOO SOON FOR HER TO BE SEEING OTHER MEN!
SHE'S LEAVING HERSELF WIDE OPEN FOR SOME NO GOOD—
YEAH, WELL, I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW, SO... GOOD-BYE!
...MOM...
MOM, TYLER'S KEEPING ME UP...
WAIT! DON'T—
YEESH! GET A LIFE, YOU JEALOUS SHREW!
SLAM!
NOW, WHERE THE HELL COULD SHE BE...
...THINK... THINK...
PACE
PACE
...AH-HA! I'LL BET SHE'S WITH THAT HORRID LITTLE FRIEND OF HERS, ELIZABETH!

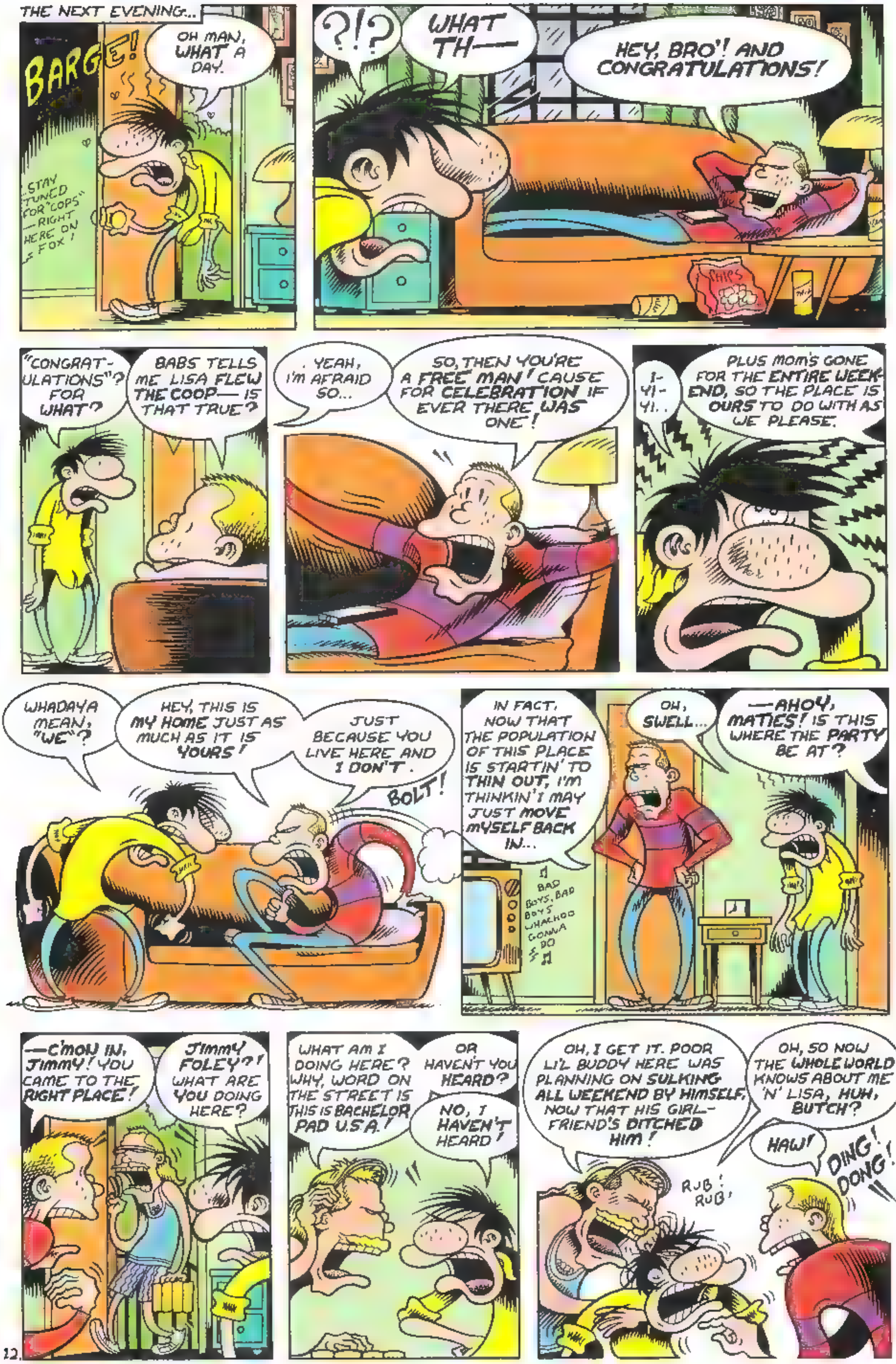


THAT WOULD EXPLAIN A LOT, CONSIDERING HOW MUCH THAT LITTLE WITCH HATES ME...
SHE PROBABLY WON'T LET LISA CALL ME TO TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!
...NOW WHAT WAS HER NAME AGAIN?
...SOME-THING JEWISH SOUNDING... STARTS WITH AN "M"...
..."MIZEL", MAYBE?...
...AH-HA! E. MIZELL...
THAT'S GOTTA BE HER!
...THIS MAY BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE, BUT IT'S WORTH A SHOT...
RING! RING! RIN—
HELLO, THIS IS "GOTH CENTRAL STATION"... =SNICKER=
?!?
UHHH, I-IS ELIZABETH THERE?
HOLD ON, I'LL GO CHECK...
"GOTH"? IS THAT WHAT SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE, A "GOTH CHICK"?
OH WELL, SHOWS HOW MUCH I KNOW...
...JEEZ...I CAN HEAR HIM ASKING HALF A DOZEN PEOPLE IF THEY KNOW WHERE SHE IS, AND NOT ONE OF 'EM HAS A CLUE...
I GUESS IT'S NOT VERY "GOTH" TO KEEP TRACK OF YOUR ROOM-MATES...
...SORRY, SHE'S NOT HERE. SOMEONE SAID THEY WENT INTO THE CITY TO CATCH A SHOW...
"THEY"?
YEAH, HER AND HER FRIEND... I FORGOT HER NAME...
IT WOULDN'T BE LISA, WOULD IT? SHE'S SHORT, WITH RED HAIR...THEY WORK AT THE SAME PLACE...
—OH YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE! "LISA", IS THAT HER NAME? YEAH, THAT'S WHO SHE WENT WITH...
...UHH, DO YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE A MESSAGE?

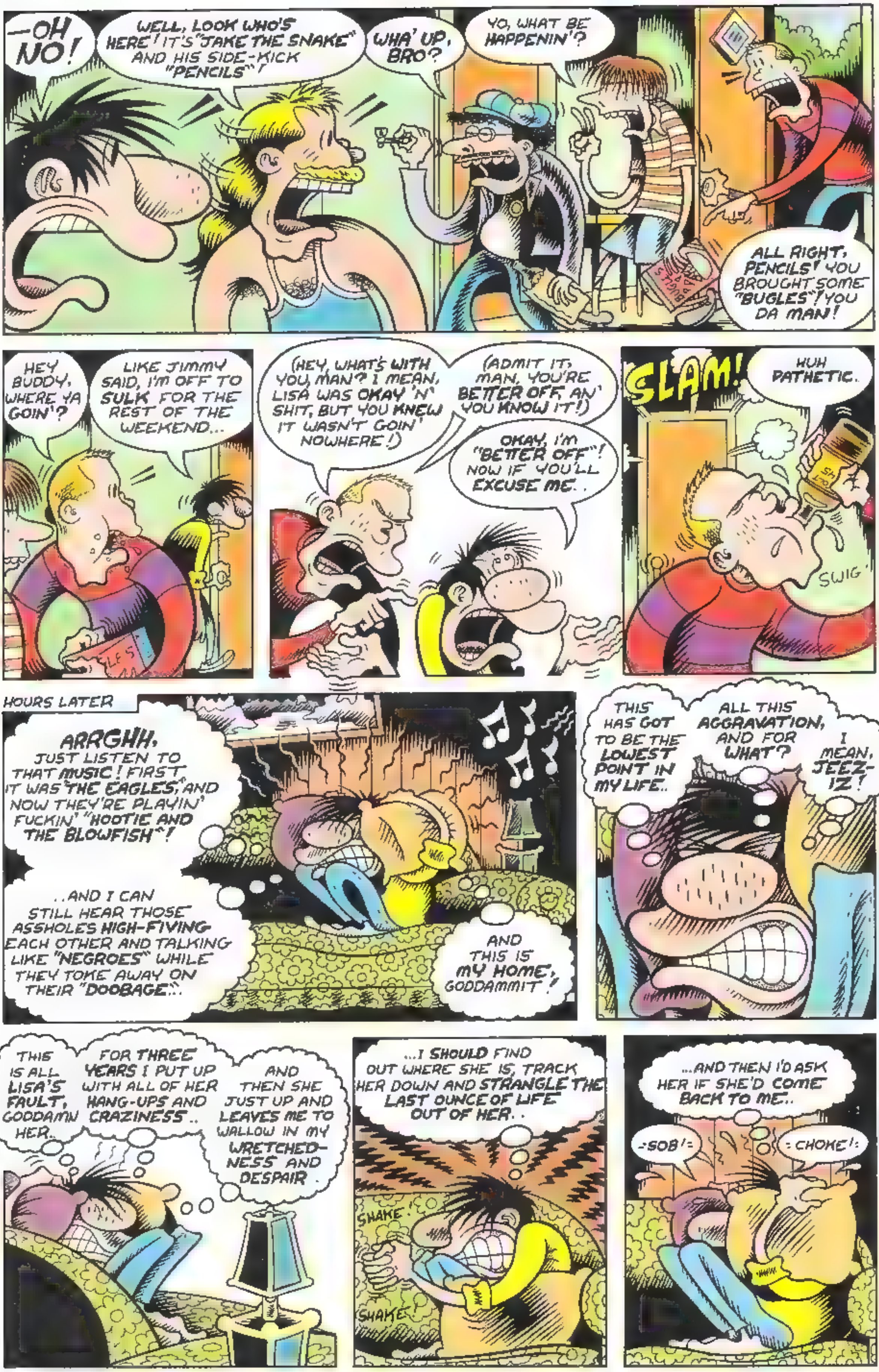

MANY HOURS LATER. .
RING! RING! RING!
ZZZZZZK? WHO THE HELL..
GROANNN
..HELLO?
JAY, THIS IS BUDDY...
UGHHH. BUDDY, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS? IT'S ALMOST FOUR...
THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M CALLING! LISA WENT TO THE CITY TONIGHT WITHOUT EVEN TELLING ME, AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHEN SHE'S COMING BACK!
UH-HUH. AND WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL OF THIS?
BECAUSE I'M FREAKING OUT AND I HAVE TO TELL SOMEONE!
?
I'VE ALREADY CALLED THE COPS AND THE HOSPITALS, BUT NO WORD SO FAR.. BOY, IF SHE THINKS SHE'S BEING FUNNY SHE'S GOT ANOTHER THING COMING.
OKAY, CALM DOWN. I WANNA ASK YOU SOMETHING..
..HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR ROOM TO SEE IF ANY OF HER STUFF IS MISSING?
HUH? NO, WHY SHOULD I? WHAT'S THE POINT?
JAY, WHO—
JUST DO IT, ALL RIGHT?
=SIGH= ALL RIGHT HANG ON
WHAT'S UP?
I'LL TELL YOU LATER..
..I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING. ALL OF HER CLOTHES ARE GONE...
=SIGH= WELP, THERE YA GO. THAT OUGHTA ANSWER ALL OF YOUR QUESTIONS.
FLUMP!
?!? WHAT QUESTIONS? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT—
SHE'S LEFT YOU, YOU MORON! CAN'T YOU GET THAT THROUGH THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS?!?
STAY PUT; I'M COMING OVER. =CLICK!=
ARRRGH..

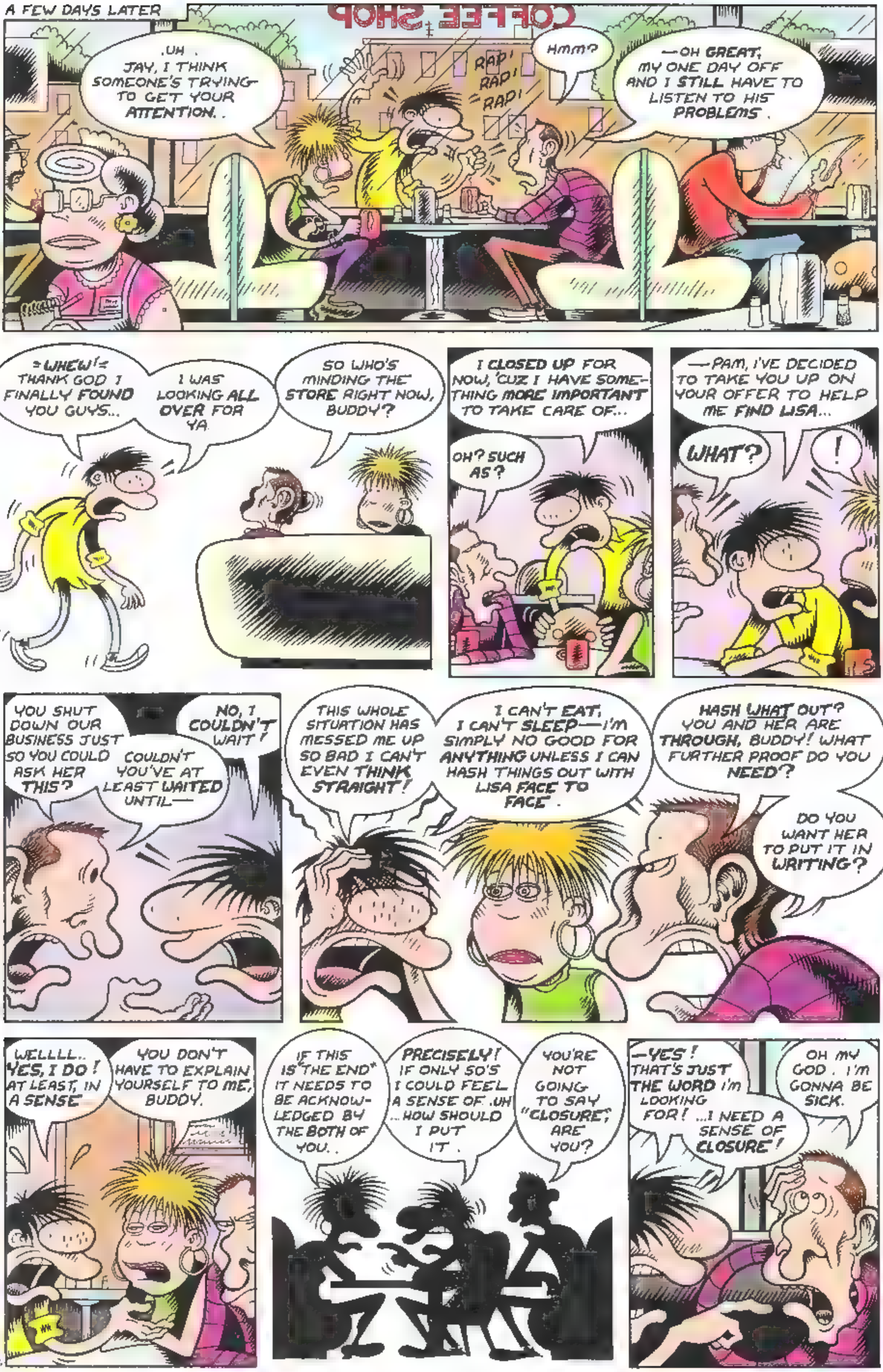

AND SO
...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.. I JUST NEVER SAW IT COMING.. =SOB=
..GROANNN. GIMME A BREAK..
ALL RIGHT, SO I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING..
BUT I GUESS I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE IT AT THE SAME TIME..
FLUSH!
?!? WHUZZAT?
I THINK SOMEONE'S IN YOUR BATHROOM!
RELAX, WILL YA?
.HIYA, BUDDY.
PLOIK!
OH! HIYA, PAM
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE
SORRY ABOUT MY INTRUDING LIKE THIS.
OH, DON'T BE SILLY! I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOU 'N' LISA..
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR NEEDING TO TALK TO SOMEBODY.


YEAH, WELL, THE ONLY PERSON I FEEL SORRY FOR IS ME, BEING FORCED AWAKE AT FOUR IN THE MORNING. .
ONCE BUDDY HERE GETS OVER HIMSELF, HE'LL REALIZE THAT HE'S MUCH BETTER OFF...
OH, WILL YOU STOP...
...EVEN IF THEIR RELATIONSHIP WAS LESS THAN PERFECT, THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER NOW THAT IT'S OVER .
HE'S IN MOURNING, 'CUZ IN A SENSE SOMETHING HAS DIED—RIGHT, BUDDY?
OH, BROTHER..
THAT'S RIGHT!
I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL, BUDDY, BECAUSE SOMEONE DID THE SAME THING TO ME ONCE .
OH, REALLY? WHO?
YOU, YA BIG CAD!
EIGHT YEARS AGO, REMEMBER?
?!? ME?
—OH, BUT THAT WAS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT! YOU CAN'T COMPARE THAT TO THIS—
IT WAS EXACTLY THE SAME! BUT WE WON'T GO OVER THAT NOW.
BUDDY, IF YOU WANT I'D BE WILLING TO HELP YOU LOCATE LISA...
I MEAN, IF ONLY SO'S YOU TWO COULD RESOLVE THIS THING FACE TO FACE
OH, GREAT! NOW SHE'S GETTING HERSELF INVOLVED!
HOW COULD YOU HELP HIM FIND HER, F'R CRYIN' OUT LOUD?!
I BET I COULD! I GOT FRIENDS WHO—
N-NO, NO THANKS, PAM, BUT JAY IS RIGHT...
I AM BETTER OFF WITHOUT HER, SO THERE'S NO POINT IN SEEING HER AGAIN .
IN FACT, THAT WOULD PROBABLY ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE ..
I UNDER-STAND... IT'S LIKE TRYING TO BREAK A BAD HABIT...
.. SOMETHING I'M SURE JAY COULD RELATE TO ALL TOO WELL. .
HAR-DE-HAR-HAR..
..RIGHT, JAY?
CAN I GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW?

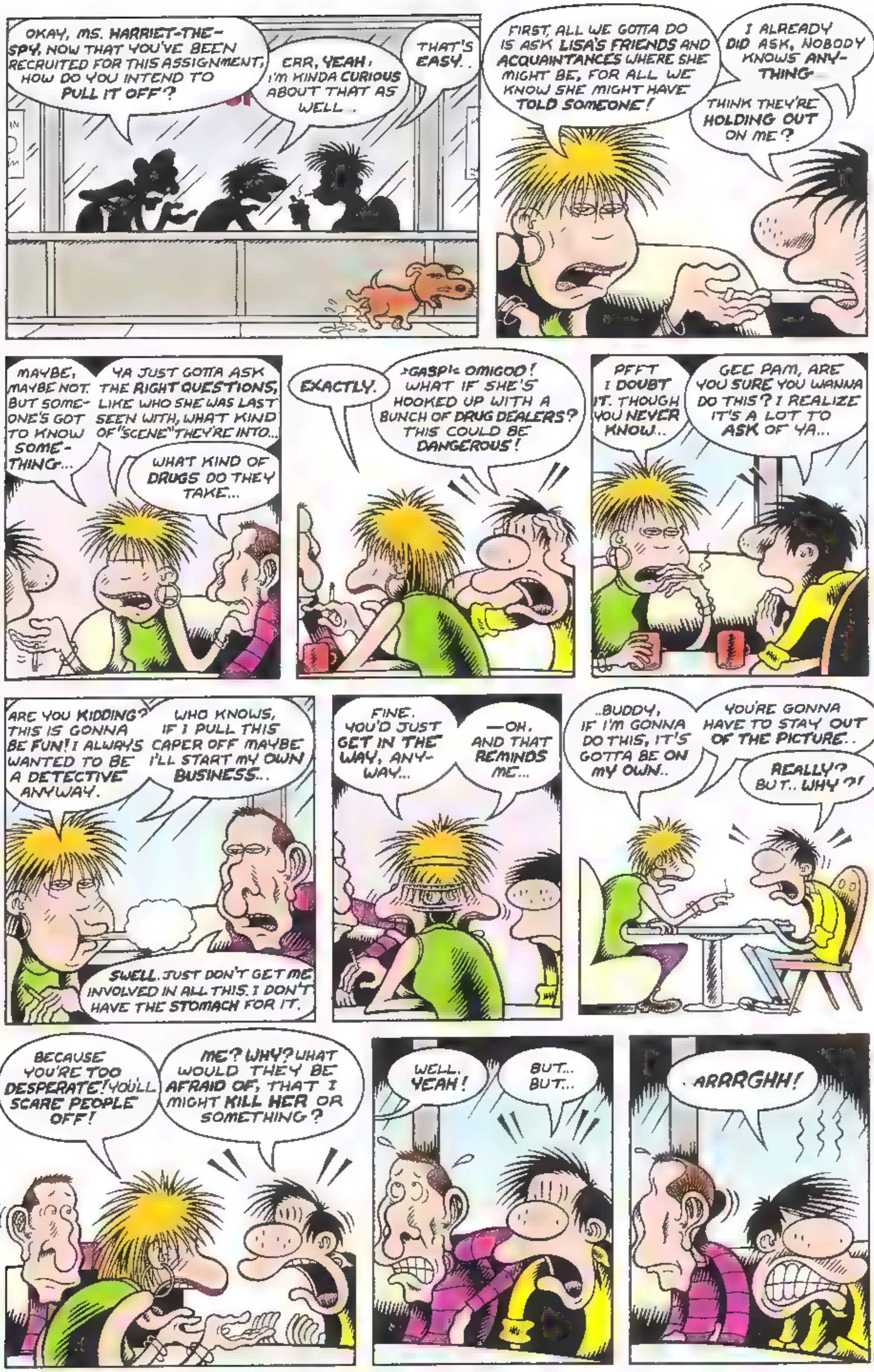


THE NEXT EVENING...
BARGE!
OH MAN, WHAT A DAY.
STAY TUNED FOR "COPS" —RIGHT HERE ON FOX!
?!?
WHAT TH—
HEY, BRO'! AND CONGRATULATIONS!
CHIPS
"CONGRATULATIONS"? FOR WHAT?
BABS TELLS ME LISA FLEW THE COOP— IS THAT TRUE?
YEAH, I'M AFRAID SO...
SO, THEN YOU'RE A FREE MAN! CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION IF EVER THERE WAS ONE!
I-YI-YI..
PLUS MOM'S GONE FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK-END, SO THE PLACE IS OURS TO DO WITH AS WE PLEASE.
WHADAYA MEAN, "WE"?
HEY, THIS IS MY HOME JUST AS MUCH AS IT IS YOURS!
JUST BECAUSE YOU LIVE HERE AND I DON'T.
BOLT!
IN FACT, NOW THAT THE POPULATION OF THIS PLACE IS STARTIN' TO THIN OUT, I'M THINKIN' I MAY JUST MOVE MYSELF BACK IN...
BAD BOYS, BAD BOYS WHATCHA GONNA DO
OH, SWELL...
—AHOY, MATIES! IS THIS WHERE THE PARTY BE AT?
—C'MON IN, JIMMY! YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!
JIMMY FOLEY?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHY, WORD ON THE STREET IS THIS IS BACHELOR PAD U.S.A.!
OR HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
NO, I HAVEN'T HEARD!
OH, I GET IT. POOR LI'L BUDDY HERE WAS PLANNING ON SULKING ALL WEEKEND BY HIMSELF, NOW THAT HIS GIRL-FRIEND'S DITCHED HIM!
RUB! RUB!
OH, SO NOW THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS ABOUT ME 'N' LISA, HUH, BUTCH?
HAW!
DING! DONG!

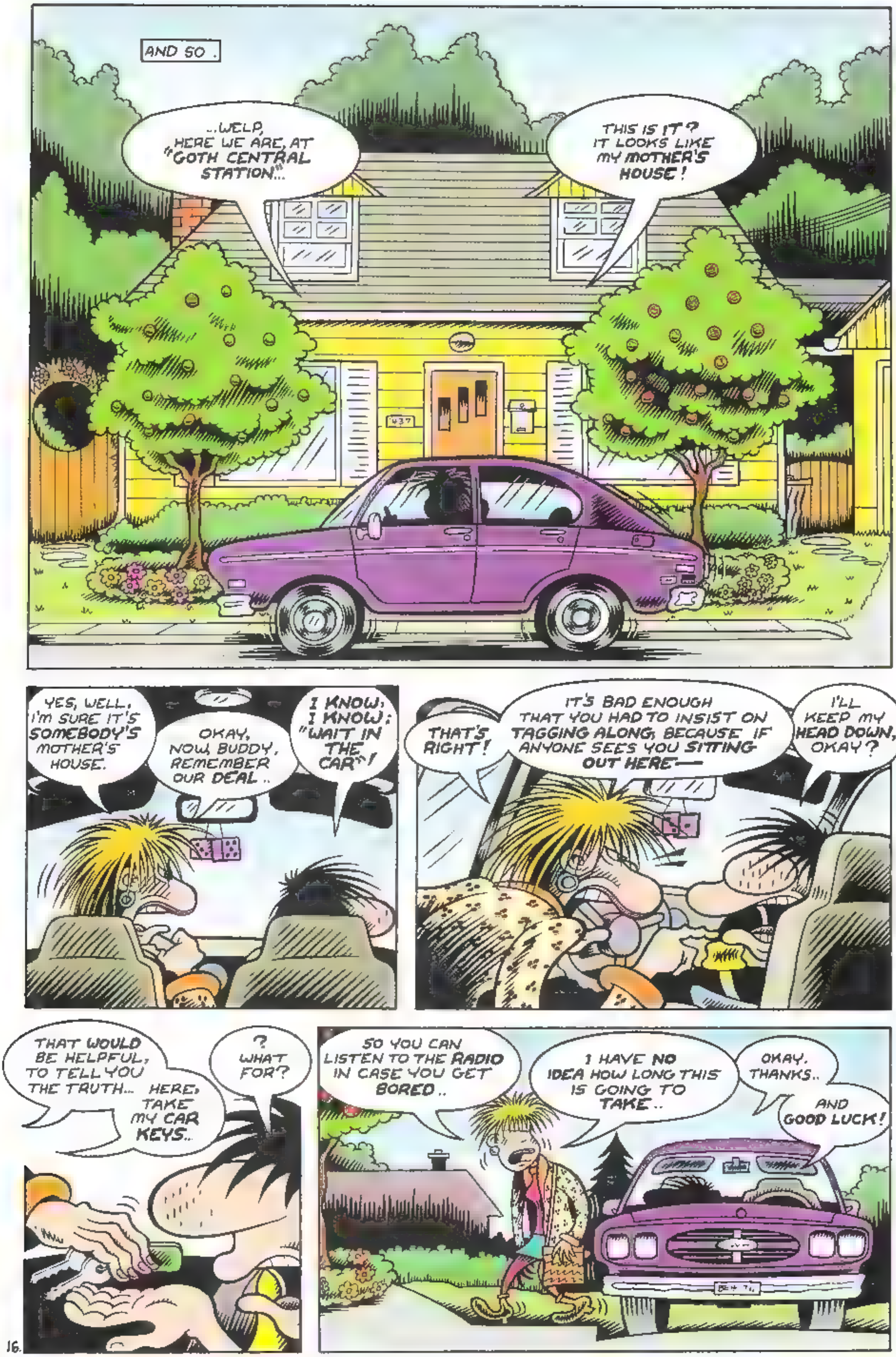

—OH NO!
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! IT'S "JAKE THE SNAKE" AND HIS SIDE-KICK "PENCILS"!
WHA' UP, BRO?
YO, WHAT BE HAPPENIN'?
ALL RIGHT, PENCILS! YOU BROUGHT SOME "BUGLES"! YOU DA MAN!
HEY BUDDY, WHERE YA GOIN'?
LIKE JIMMY SAID, I'M OFF TO SULK FOR THE REST OF THE WEEKEND...
(HEY, WHAT'S WITH YOU, MAN? I MEAN, LISA WAS OKAY 'N' SHIT, BUT YOU KNEW IT WASN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!)
(ADMIT IT, MAN, YOU'RE BETTER OFF, AN' YOU KNOW IT!)
OKAY, I'M "BETTER OFF"! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME..
SLAM!
HUH PATHETIC.
SWIG
HOURS LATER
ARRGHH. JUST LISTEN TO THAT MUSIC! FIRST, IT WAS "THE EAGLES," AND NOW THEY'RE PLAYIN' FUCKIN' "HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH"!
..AND I CAN STILL HEAR THOSE ASSHOLES HIGH-FIVING EACH OTHER AND TALKING LIKE "NEGROES" WHILE THEY TOKE AWAY ON THEIR "DOOBAGE"..
AND THIS IS MY HOME, GODDAMMIT!
THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE LOWEST POINT IN MY LIFE..
ALL THIS AGGRAVATION, AND FOR WHAT?
I MEAN, JEEZ-IZ!
THIS IS ALL LISA'S FAULT, GODDAMN HER..
FOR THREE YEARS I PUT UP WITH ALL OF HER HANG-UPS AND CRAZINESS..
AND THEN SHE JUST UP AND LEAVES ME TO WALLOW IN MY WRETCHED-NESS AND DESPAIR.
...I SHOULD FIND OUT WHERE SHE IS, TRACK HER DOWN AND STRANGLE THE LAST OUNCE OF LIFE OUT OF HER..
SHAKE
SHAKE
...AND THEN I'D ASK HER IF SHE'D COME BACK TO ME..
-SOB!-
-CHOKE!-

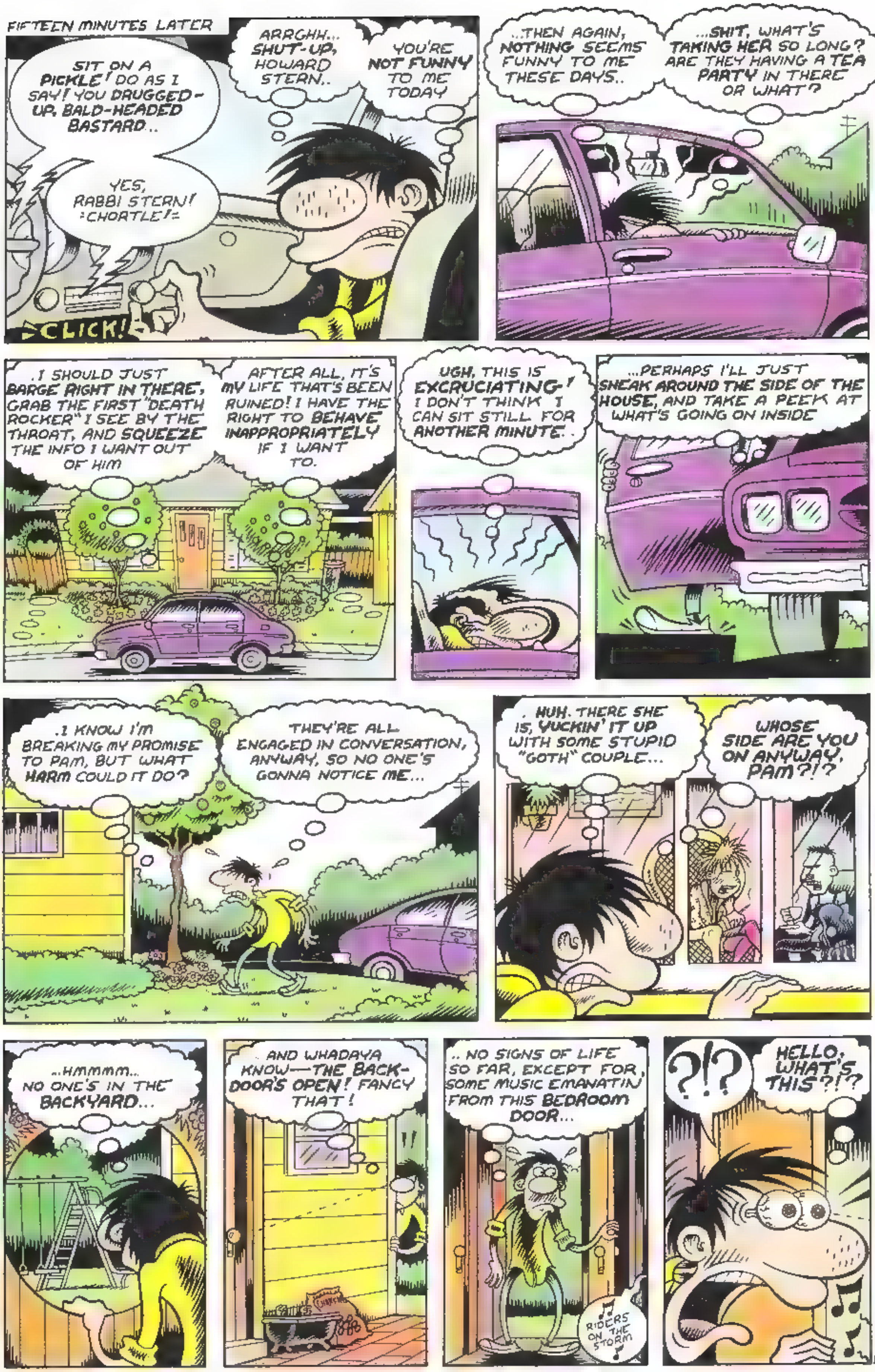


A FEW DAYS LATER
COFFEE SHOP
..UH ..
JAY, I THINK SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET YOUR ATTENTION..
RAP! RAP! RAP!
HMM?
—OH GREAT, MY ONE DAY OFF AND I STILL HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIS PROBLEMS.
=WHEW!= THANK GOD I FINALLY FOUND YOU GUYS...
I WAS LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YA.
SO WHO'S MINDING THE STORE RIGHT NOW, BUDDY?
I CLOSED UP FOR NOW, 'CUZ I HAVE SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO TAKE CARE OF...
OH? SUCH AS?
—PAM, I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE YOU UP ON YOUR OFFER TO HELP ME FIND LISA...
WHAT?
!
YOU SHUT DOWN OUR BUSINESS JUST SO YOU COULD ASK HER THIS?
COULDN'T YOU'VE AT LEAST WAITED UNTIL—
NO, I COULDN'T WAIT!
THIS WHOLE SITUATION HAS MESSED ME UP SO BAD I CAN'T EVEN THINK STRAIGHT!
I CAN'T EAT, I CAN'T SLEEP—I'M SIMPLY NO GOOD FOR ANYTHING UNLESS I CAN HASH THINGS OUT WITH LISA FACE TO FACE.
HASH WHAT OUT? YOU AND HER ARE THROUGH, BUDDY! WHAT FURTHER PROOF DO YOU NEED?
DO YOU WANT HER TO PUT IT IN WRITING?
WELLLL.. YES, I DO! AT LEAST, IN A SENSE.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF TO ME, BUDDY.
IF THIS IS "THE END" IT NEEDS TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE BOTH OF YOU..
PRECISELY! IF ONLY SO'S I COULD FEEL A SENSE OF ..UH ...HOW SHOULD I PUT IT.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SAY "CLOSURE," ARE YOU?
—YES! THAT'S JUST THE WORD I'M LOOKING FOR! ...I NEED A SENSE OF CLOSURE!
OH MY GOD. I'M GONNA BE SICK.

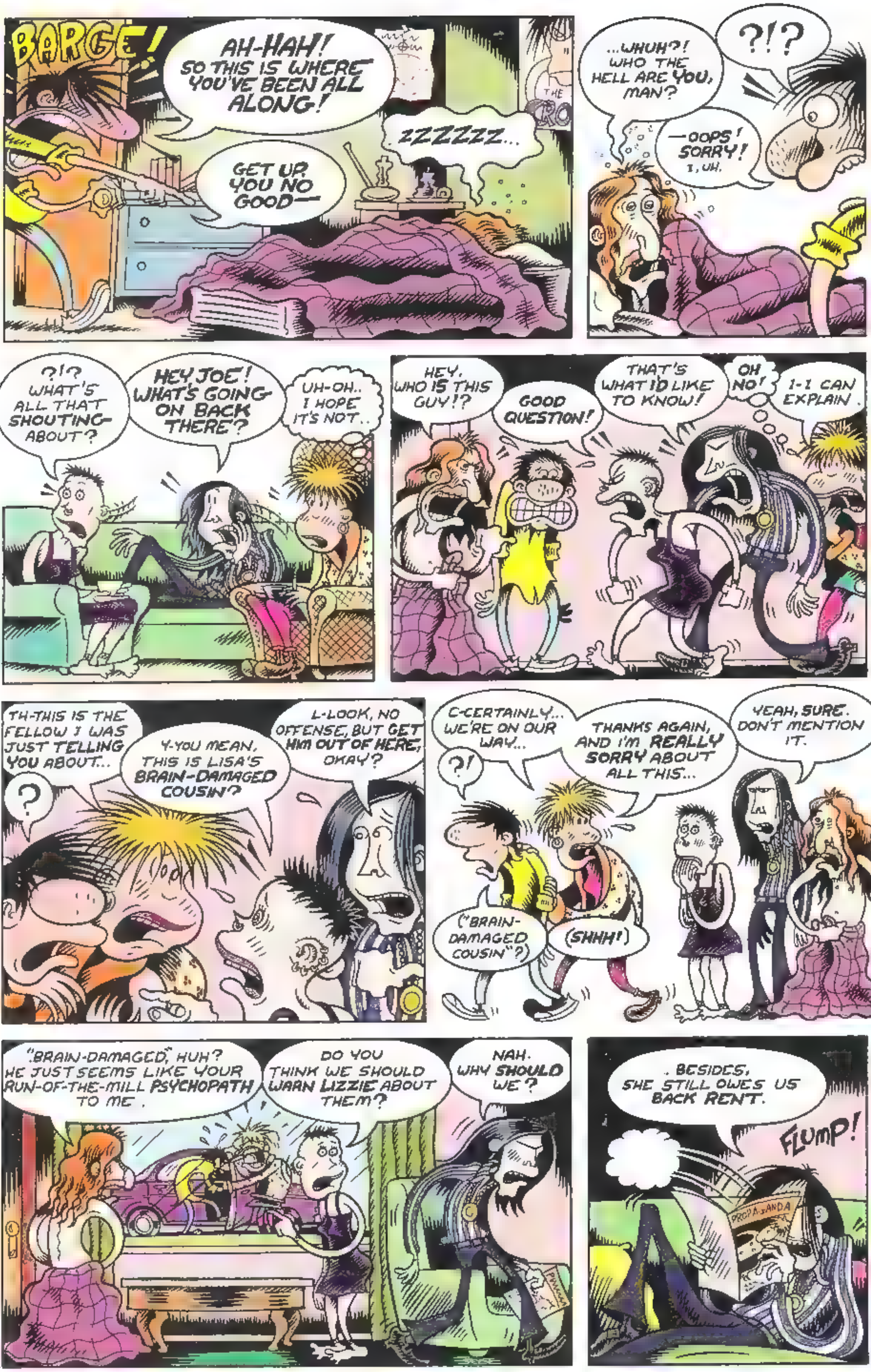


OKAY, MS. HARRIET-THE-SPY, NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN RECRUITED FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT, HOW DO YOU INTEND TO PULL IT OFF?
ERR, YEAH, I'M KINDA CURIOUS ABOUT THAT AS WELL...
THAT'S EASY...
FIRST, ALL WE GOTTA DO IS ASK LISA'S FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES WHERE SHE MIGHT BE, FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE MIGHT HAVE TOLD SOMEONE!
I ALREADY DID ASK, NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING...
THINK THEY'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME?
MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO KNOW SOMETHING...
YA JUST GOTTA ASK THE RIGHT QUESTIONS, LIKE WHO SHE WAS LAST SEEN WITH, WHAT KIND OF "SCENE" THEY'RE INTO...
WHAT KIND OF DRUGS DO THEY TAKE...
EXACTLY.
>GASP!< OMIGOD! WHAT IF SHE'S HOOKED UP WITH A BUNCH OF DRUG DEALERS? THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS!
PFFT I DOUBT IT. THOUGH YOU NEVER KNOW...
GEE PAM, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANNA DO THIS? I REALIZE IT'S A LOT TO ASK OF YA...
ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS IS GONNA BE FUN! I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DETECTIVE ANYWAY.
WHO KNOWS, IF I PULL THIS CAPER OFF MAYBE I'LL START MY OWN BUSINESS...
SWELL. JUST DON'T GET ME INVOLVED IN ALL THIS. I DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR IT.
FINE. YOU'D JUST GET IN THE WAY, ANYWAY...
—OH, AND THAT REMINDS ME...
..BUDDY, IF I'M GONNA DO THIS, IT'S GOTTA BE ON MY OWN..
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO STAY OUT OF THE PICTURE..
REALLY? BUT.. WHY?!
BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO DESPERATE! YOU'LL SCARE PEOPLE OFF!
ME? WHY? WHAT WOULD THEY BE AFRAID OF, THAT I MIGHT KILL HER OR SOMETHING?
WELL. YEAH!
BUT... BUT...
..ARRRGHH!

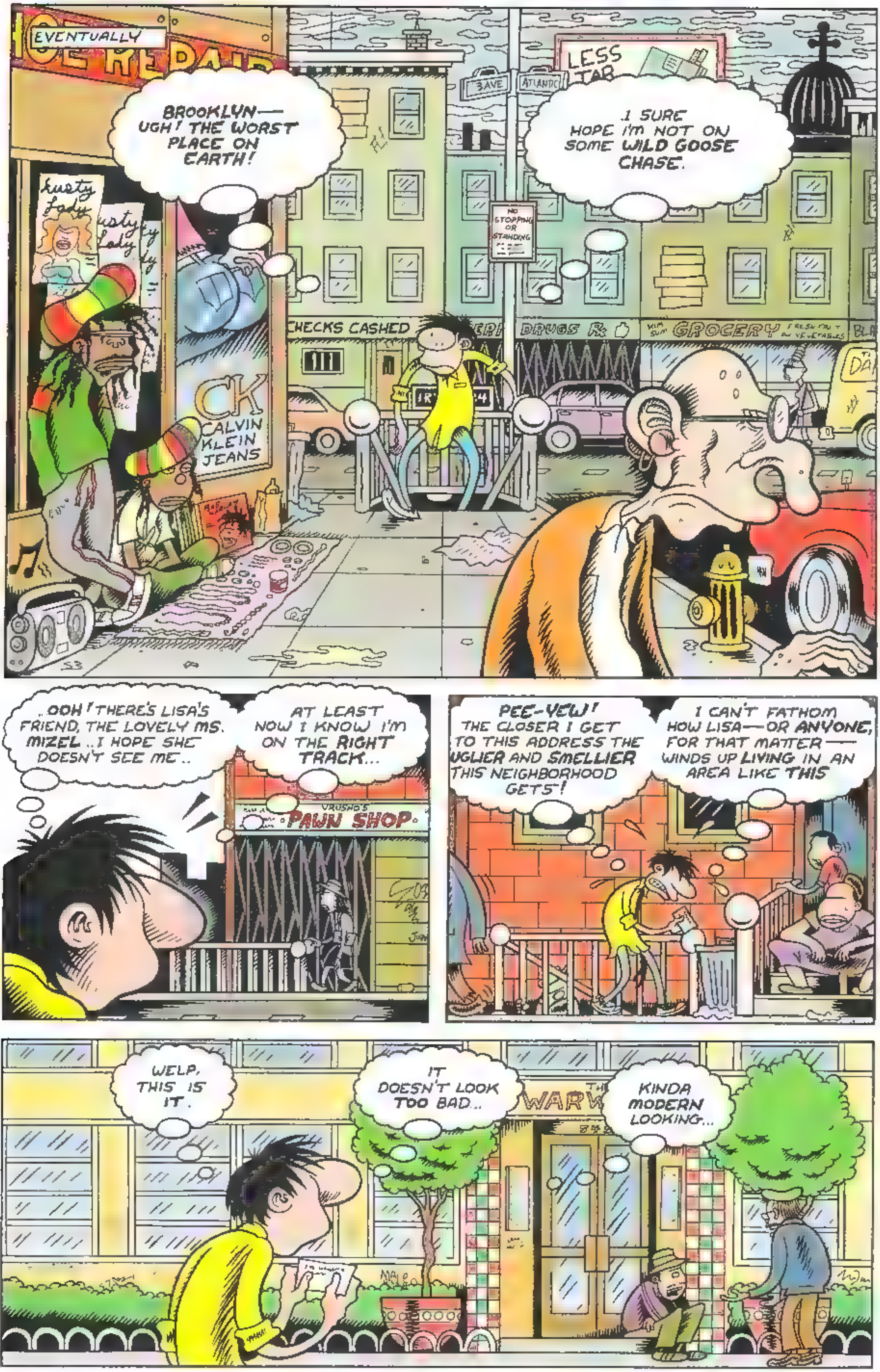

AND SO .
..WELP, HERE WE ARE, AT "GOTH CENTRAL STATION"..
THIS IS IT? IT LOOKS LIKE MY MOTHER'S HOUSE!
YES, WELL, I'M SURE IT'S SOMEBODY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE.
OKAY, NOW, BUDDY, REMEMBER OUR DEAL..
I KNOW; I KNOW: "WAIT IN THE CAR"!
THAT'S RIGHT!
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT YOU HAD TO INSIST ON TAGGING ALONG, BECAUSE IF ANYONE SEES YOU SITTING OUT HERE—
I'LL KEEP MY HEAD DOWN, OKAY?
THAT WOULD BE HELPFUL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH... HERE, TAKE MY CAR KEYS..
? WHAT FOR?
SO YOU CAN LISTEN TO THE RADIO IN CASE YOU GET BORED..
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG THIS IS GOING TO TAKE..
OKAY. THANKS..
AND GOOD LUCK!

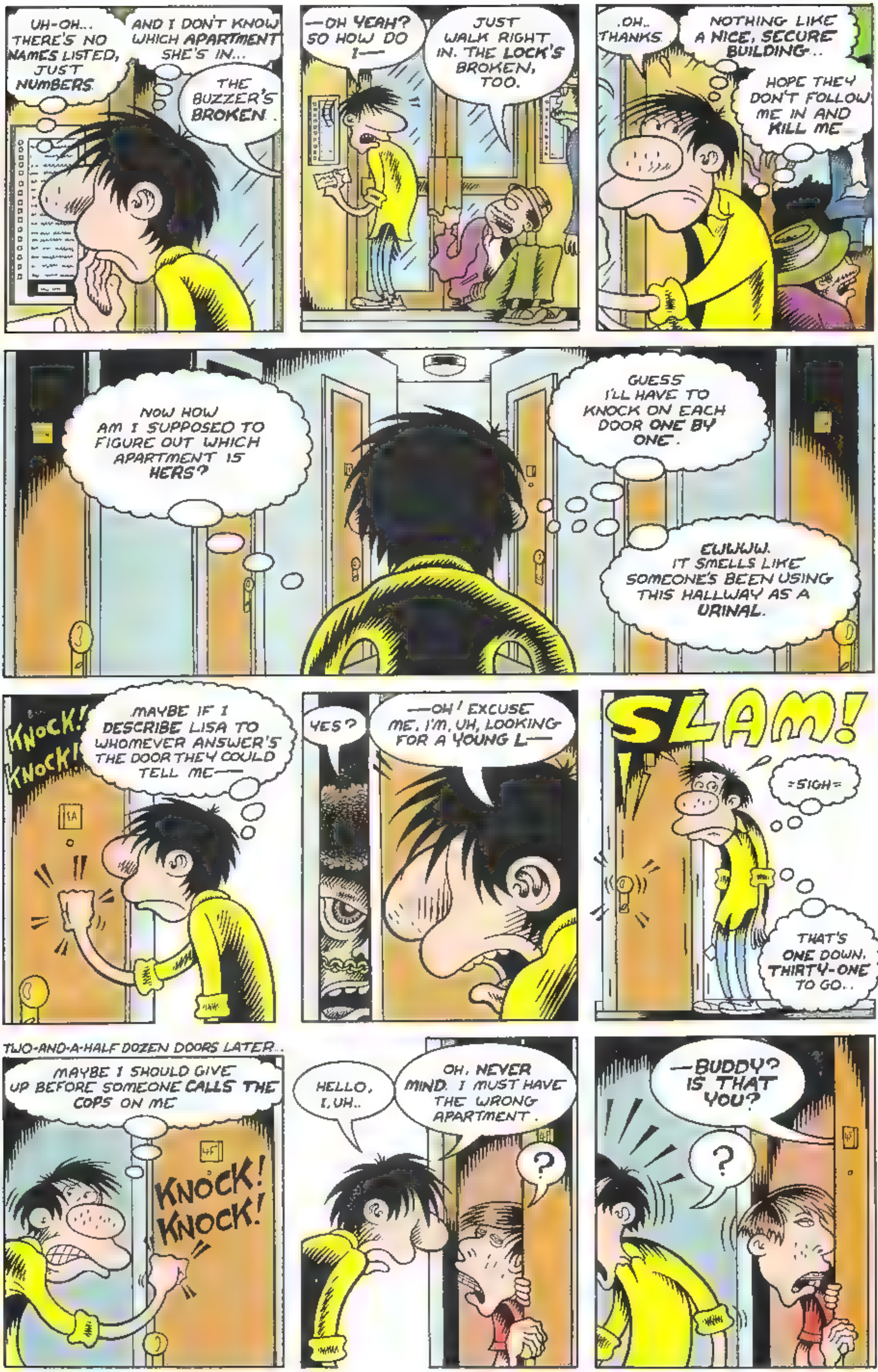


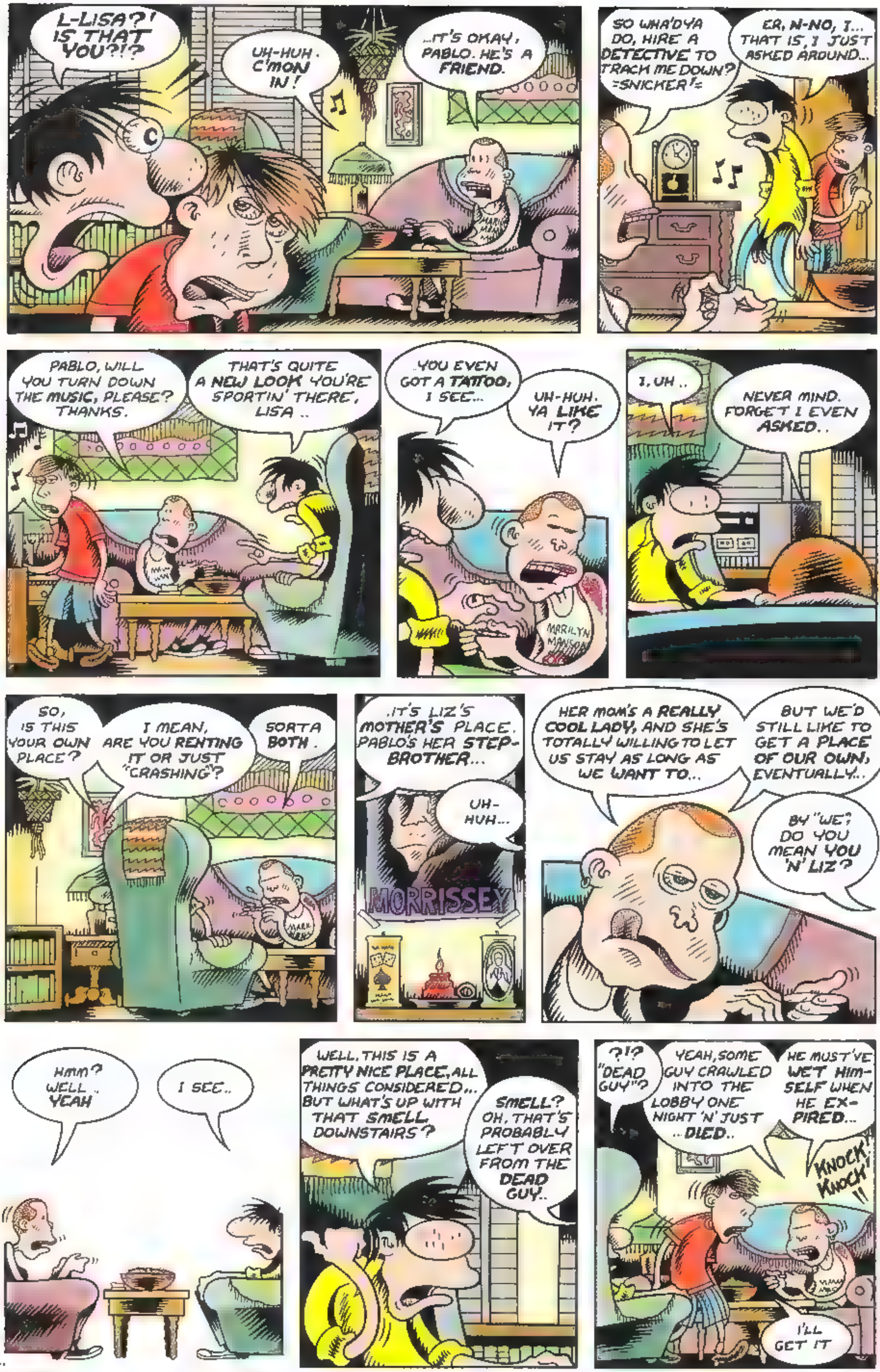
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER
SIT ON A PICKLE! DO AS I SAY! YOU DRUGGED-UP, BALD-HEADED BASTARD...
YES, RABBI STERN! :CHORTLE!:
ARRGHH... SHUT-UP, HOWARD STERN..
YOU'RE NOT FUNNY TO ME TODAY
CLICK!
..THEN AGAIN, NOTHING SEEMS FUNNY TO ME THESE DAYS..
...SHIT, WHAT'S TAKING HER SO LONG? ARE THEY HAVING A TEA PARTY IN THERE OR WHAT?
..I SHOULD JUST BARGE RIGHT IN THERE, GRAB THE FIRST "DEATH ROCKER" I SEE BY THE THROAT, AND SQUEEZE THE INFO I WANT OUT OF HIM
AFTER ALL, IT'S MY LIFE THAT'S BEEN RUINED! I HAVE THE RIGHT TO BEHAVE INAPPROPRIATELY IF I WANT TO.
UGH, THIS IS EXCRUCIATING! I DON'T THINK I CAN SIT STILL FOR ANOTHER MINUTE..
...PERHAPS I'LL JUST SNEAK AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, AND TAKE A PEEK AT WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE
..I KNOW I'M BREAKING MY PROMISE TO PAM, BUT WHAT HARM COULD IT DO?
THEY'RE ALL ENGAGED IN CONVERSATION, ANYWAY, SO NO ONE'S GONNA NOTICE ME...
..HUH. THERE SHE IS, YUCKIN' IT UP WITH SOME STUPID "GOTH" COUPLE...
WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON ANYWAY, PAM?!?
..HMMMM... NO ONE'S IN THE BACKYARD...
..AND WHADAYA KNOW—THE BACK-DOOR'S OPEN! FANCY THAT!
.. NO SIGNS OF LIFE SO FAR, EXCEPT FOR SOME MUSIC EMANATIN' FROM THIS BEDROOM DOOR...
RIDERS ON THE STORM
?!?
HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?!?

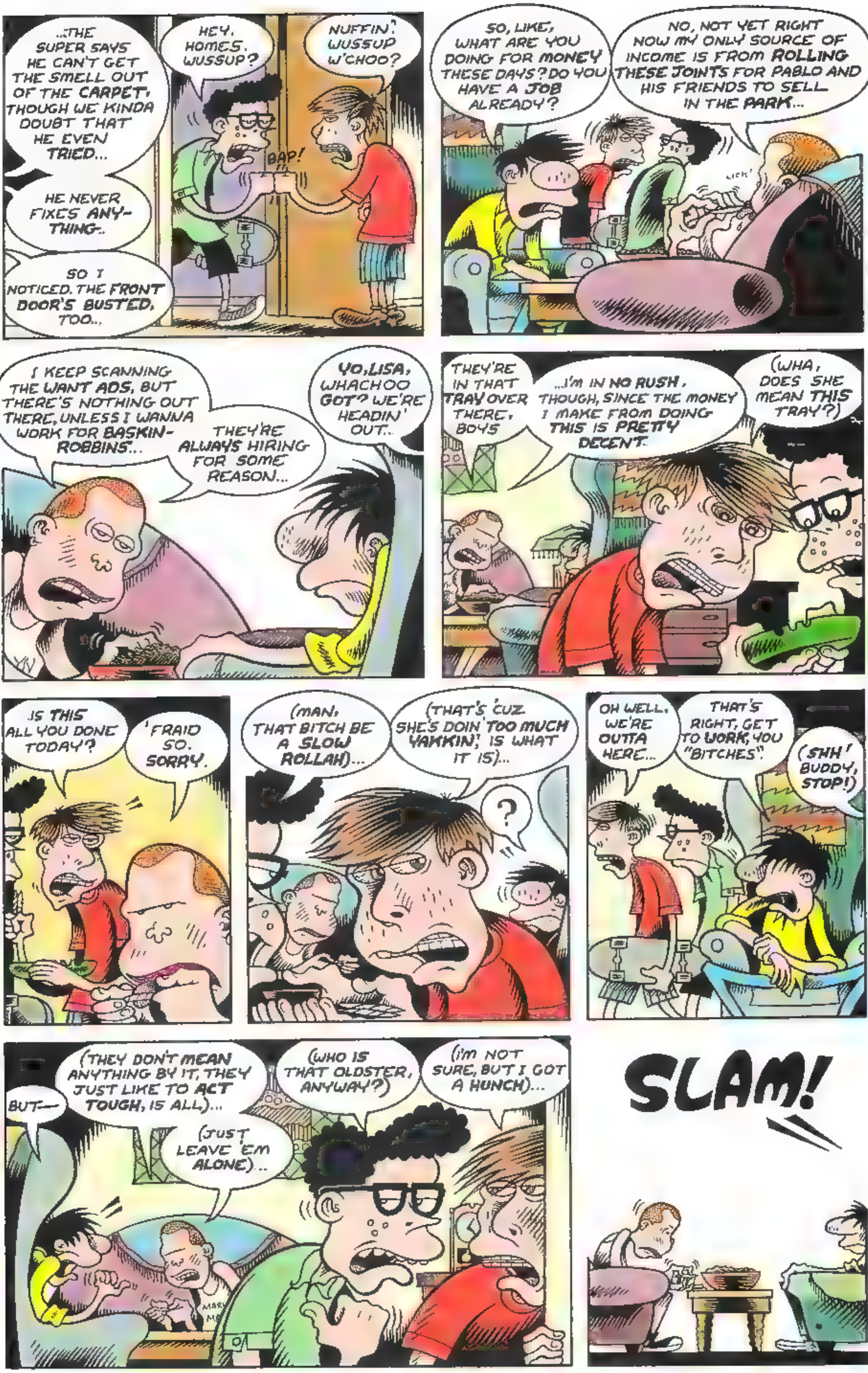

BARGE!
AH-HAH! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN ALL ALONG!
GET UP, YOU NO GOOD—
ZZZZZZ...
...WHUH?! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, MAN?
?!?
—OOPS! SORRY! I, UH.
?!? WHAT'S ALL THAT SHOUTING ABOUT?
HEY JOE! WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE?
UH-OH.. I HOPE IT'S NOT..
HEY, WHO IS THIS GUY!?
GOOD QUESTION!
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
OH NO!
I-I CAN EXPLAIN.
TH-THIS IS THE FELLOW I WAS JUST TELLING YOU ABOUT...
?
Y-YOU MEAN, THIS IS LISA'S BRAIN-DAMAGED COUSIN?
L-LOOK, NO OFFENSE, BUT GET HIM OUT OF HERE, OKAY?
C-CERTAINLY... WE'RE ON OUR WAY...
?!
THANKS AGAIN, AND I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS...
YEAH, SURE. DON'T MENTION IT.
("BRAIN-DAMAGED COUSIN"?)
(SHHH!)
"BRAIN-DAMAGED", HUH? HE JUST SEEMS LIKE YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL PSYCHOPATH TO ME.
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD WARN LIZZIE ABOUT THEM?
NAH. WHY SHOULD WE?
..BESIDES, SHE STILL OWES US BACK RENT.
FLUMP!

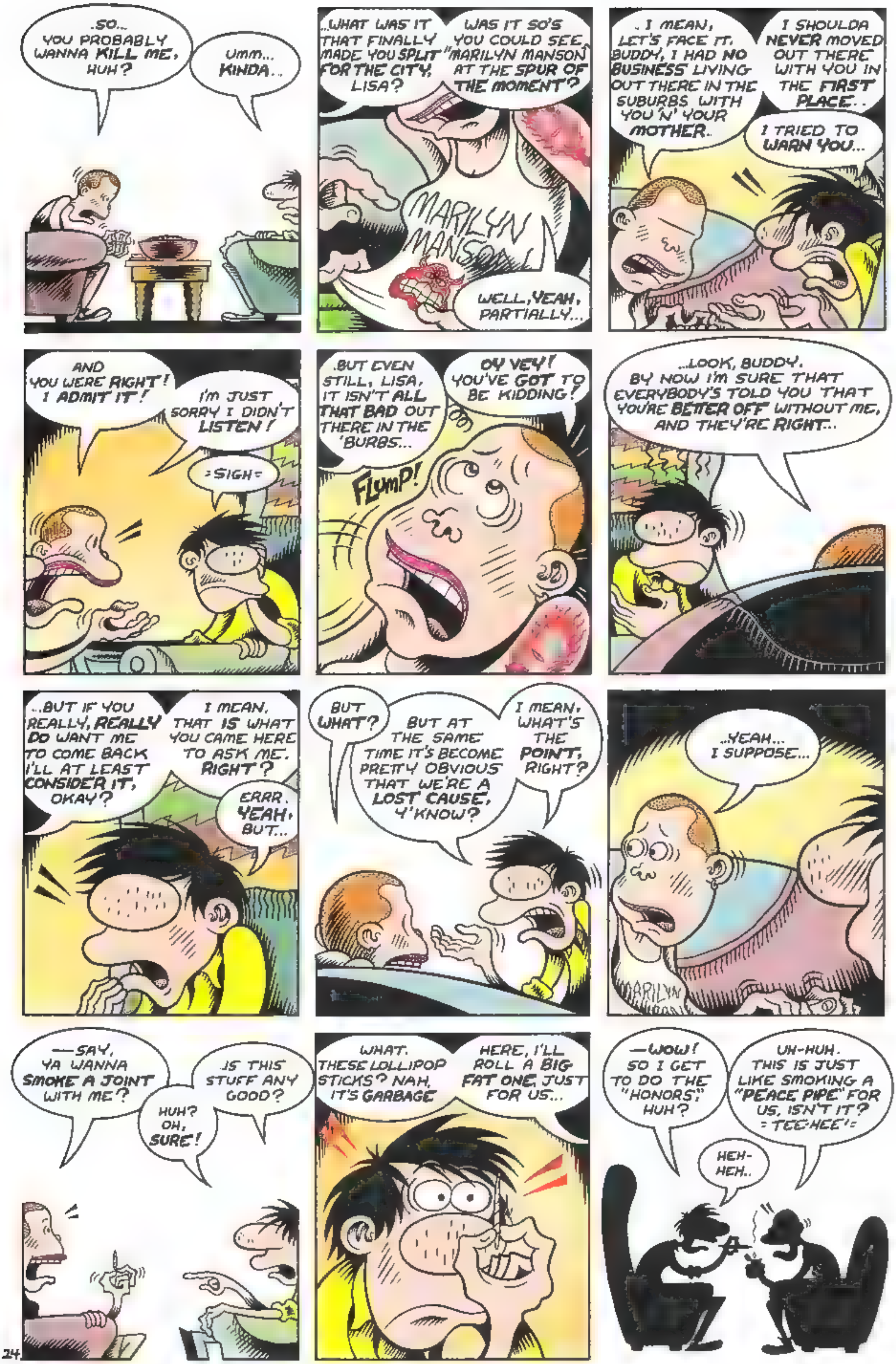
LATER
SLAM!
BUDDY? IS THAT YOU?
=GRUNT=
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL DAY?
I TRIED CALLING YOU AT WORK BUT KEPT GETTING THE ANSWERING-MACHINE...
..OH.. I WAS OUT 'N' ABOUT...
OUT 'N' ABOUT WHERE?
...OH GOD... YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW..
ACTUALLY, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, 'CUZ I'VE BEEN A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT YOU LATELY..
I WAS OUT LOOKIN' FOR LISA, ALL RIGHT? THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN ALL DAY!
?!? "LOOKING FOR LISA"? BUDDY, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
I FIND IT RATHER HARD TO BELIEVE MYSELF.
I MEAN, IF SHE STILL HASN'T BOTHERED TO WRITE OR CALL YOU AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I CAN'T SEE WHY YOU WOULD EVEN CARE ANYMORE.
I KNOW, I KNOW...
DON'T GET ME WRONG, 'CUZ I LIKED LISA TOO, UP TO A POINT.. BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT THAT YOU'RE B—
I KNOW! I KNOW! I'M "BETTER OFF"! WILL EVERYONE PLEASE STOP TELLING ME THAT?!?
=SIGH=
ANYHOW, I'M GOING OUT WITH GEORGE AGAIN, SO DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME..
...BUT PROMISE ME THAT YOU WON'T WASTE ANOTHER SECOND DWELLING OVER LISA, OKAY?
PROMISE?
=SIGH=
I PROMISE.

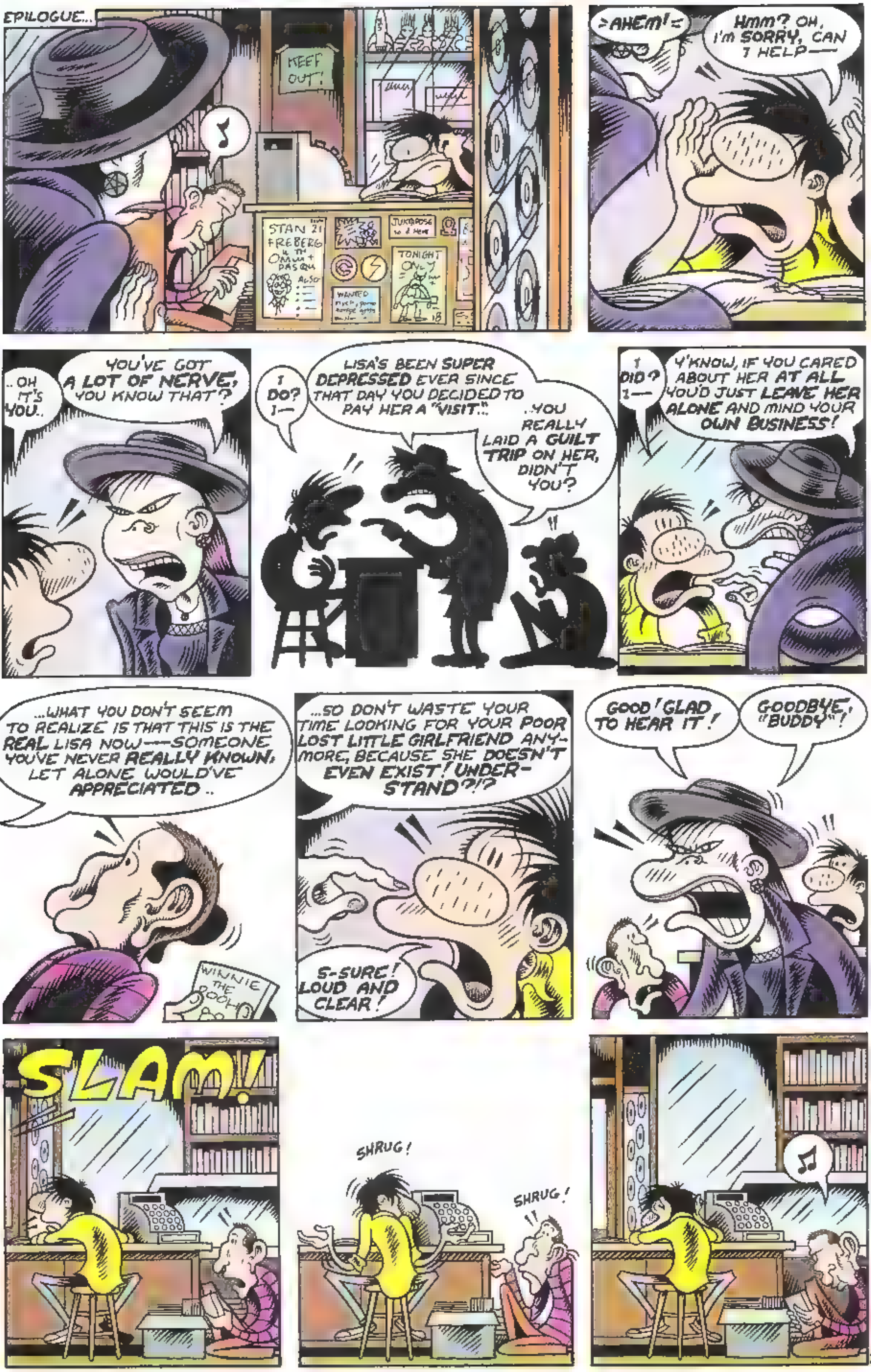

EVENTUALLY
BROOKLYN— UGH! THE WORST PLACE ON EARTH!
I SURE HOPE I'M NOT ON SOME WILD GOOSE CHASE.
CHECKS CASHED
DRUGS
GROCERY
CALVIN KLEIN JEANS
..OOH! THERE'S LISA'S FRIEND, THE LOVELY MS. MIZEL ..I HOPE SHE DOESN'T SEE ME..
AT LEAST NOW I KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK...
PAWN SHOP
PEE-YEW! THE CLOSER I GET TO THIS ADDRESS THE UGLIER AND SMELLIER THIS NEIGHBORHOOD GETS!
I CAN'T FATHOM HOW LISA—OR ANYONE, FOR THAT MATTER— WINDS UP LIVING IN AN AREA LIKE THIS
WELP, THIS IS IT.
IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD..
KINDA MODERN LOOKING...


UH-OH... THERE'S NO NAMES LISTED, JUST NUMBERS.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHICH APARTMENT SHE'S IN...
THE BUZZER'S BROKEN.
—OH YEAH? SO HOW DO I—
JUST WALK RIGHT IN. THE LOCK'S BROKEN, TOO.
.OH.. THANKS.
NOTHING LIKE A NICE, SECURE BUILDING...
HOPE THEY DON'T FOLLOW ME IN AND KILL ME.
NOW HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FIGURE OUT WHICH APARTMENT IS HERS?
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO KNOCK ON EACH DOOR ONE BY ONE.
EWWWW. IT SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN USING THIS HALLWAY AS A URINAL.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
MAYBE IF I DESCRIBE LISA TO WHOMEVER ANSWER'S THE DOOR THEY COULD TELL ME—
YES?
—OH! EXCUSE ME. I'M, UH, LOOKING FOR A YOUNG L—
SLAM!
=SIGH=
THAT'S ONE DOWN. THIRTY-ONE TO GO..
TWO-AND-A-HALF DOZEN DOORS LATER...
MAYBE I SHOULD GIVE UP BEFORE SOMEONE CALLS THE COPS ON ME
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HELLO, I, UH..
OH, NEVER MIND. I MUST HAVE THE WRONG APARTMENT.
?
—BUDDY? IS THAT YOU?
?


L-LISA?! IS THAT YOU?!?
UH-HUH. C'MON IN!
...IT'S OKAY, PABLO. HE'S A FRIEND.
SO WHA'DYA DO, HIRE A DETECTIVE TO TRACK ME DOWN? =SNICKER!=
ER, N-NO, I... THAT IS, I JUST ASKED AROUND...
PABLO, WILL YOU TURN DOWN THE MUSIC, PLEASE? THANKS.
THAT'S QUITE A NEW LOOK YOU'RE SPORTIN' THERE, LISA..
...YOU EVEN GOT A TATTOO, I SEE...
UH-HUH. YA LIKE IT?
I, UH..
NEVER MIND. FORGET I EVEN ASKED..
MARILYN MANSON
SO, IS THIS YOUR OWN PLACE?
I MEAN, ARE YOU RENTING IT OR JUST "CRASHING"?
SORTA BOTH.
..IT'S LIZ'S MOTHER'S PLACE. PABLO'S HER STEP-BROTHER...
UH-HUH...
MORRISSEY
HER MOM'S A REALLY COOL LADY, AND SHE'S TOTALLY WILLING TO LET US STAY AS LONG AS WE WANT TO...
BUT WE'D STILL LIKE TO GET A PLACE OF OUR OWN, EVENTUALLY..
BY "WE," DO YOU MEAN YOU 'N' LIZ?
HMM? WELL.. YEAH
I SEE..
WELL, THIS IS A PRETTY NICE PLACE, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED... BUT WHAT'S UP WITH THAT SMELL DOWNSTAIRS?
SMELL? OH, THAT'S PROBABLY LEFT OVER FROM THE DEAD GUY..
?!? "DEAD GUY"?
YEAH, SOME GUY CRAWLED INTO THE LOBBY ONE NIGHT 'N' JUST ...DIED..
HE MUST'VE WET HIM-SELF WHEN HE EX-PIRED...
KNOCK! KNOCK!!
I'LL GET IT


...THE SUPER SAYS HE CAN'T GET THE SMELL OUT OF THE CARPET, THOUGH WE KINDA DOUBT THAT HE EVEN TRIED...
HE NEVER FIXES ANY-THING...
SO I NOTICED. THE FRONT DOOR'S BUSTED, TOO...
HEY, HOMES. WUSSUP?
BAP!
NUFFIN'. WUSSUP W'CHOO?
SO, LIKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR MONEY THESE DAYS? DO YOU HAVE A JOB ALREADY?
NO, NOT YET RIGHT NOW MY ONLY SOURCE OF INCOME IS FROM ROLLING THESE JOINTS FOR PABLO AND HIS FRIENDS TO SELL IN THE PARK...
I KEEP SCANNING THE WANT ADS, BUT THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE, UNLESS I WANNA WORK FOR BASKIN-ROBBINS...
THEY'RE ALWAYS HIRING FOR SOME REASON...
YO, LISA, WHACHOO GOT? WE'RE HEADIN' OUT...
THEY'RE IN THAT TRAY OVER THERE, BOYS
...I'M IN NO RUSH, THOUGH, SINCE THE MONEY I MAKE FROM DOING THIS IS PRETTY DECENT.
(WHA, DOES SHE MEAN THIS TRAY?)
IS THIS ALL YOU DONE TODAY?
'FRAID SO. SORRY.
(MAN, THAT BITCH BE A SLOW ROLLAH)...
(THAT'S 'CUZ SHE'S DOIN' 'TOO MUCH YAKKIN',' IS WHAT IT IS)...
?
OH WELL, WE'RE OUTTA HERE...
THAT'S RIGHT, GET TO WORK, YOU "BITCHES".
(SHH! BUDDY, STOP!)
BUT—
(THEY DON'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT, THEY JUST LIKE TO ACT TOUGH, IS ALL)...
(JUST LEAVE 'EM ALONE)...
(WHO IS THAT OLDSTER, ANYWAY?)
(I'M NOT SURE, BUT I GOT A HUNCH)...
SLAM!

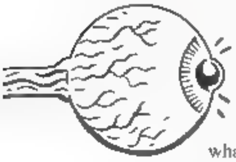

..SO... YOU PROBABLY WANNA KILL ME, HUH?
UMM... KINDA...
..WHAT WAS IT THAT FINALLY MADE YOU SPLIT FOR THE CITY, LISA?
WAS IT SO'S YOU COULD SEE "MARILYN MANSON" AT THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT?
MARILYN MANSON
WELL, YEAH, PARTIALLY...
..I MEAN, LET'S FACE IT, BUDDY, I HAD NO BUSINESS LIVING OUT THERE IN THE SUBURBS WITH YOU 'N' YOUR MOTHER..
I SHOULDA NEVER MOVED OUT THERE WITH YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE..
I TRIED TO WARN YOU...
AND YOU WERE RIGHT! I ADMIT IT!
I'M JUST SORRY I DIDN'T LISTEN!
=SIGH=
..BUT EVEN STILL, LISA, IT ISN'T ALL THAT BAD OUT THERE IN THE 'BURBS...
OY VEY! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!
FLUMP!
..LOOK, BUDDY. BY NOW I'M SURE THAT EVERYBODY'S TOLD YOU THAT YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT ME, AND THEY'RE RIGHT..
..BUT IF YOU REALLY, REALLY DO WANT ME TO COME BACK I'LL AT LEAST CONSIDER IT, OKAY?
I MEAN, THAT IS WHAT YOU CAME HERE TO ASK ME, RIGHT?
ERRR.. YEAH, BUT...
BUT WHAT?
BUT AT THE SAME TIME IT'S BECOME PRETTY OBVIOUS THAT WE'RE A LOST CAUSE, Y'KNOW?
I MEAN, WHAT'S THE POINT, RIGHT?
..YEAH... I SUPPOSE...
MARILYN
—SAY, YA WANNA SMOKE A JOINT WITH ME?
HUH? OH, SURE!
IS THIS STUFF ANY GOOD?
WHAT. THESE LOLLIPOP STICKS? NAH, IT'S GARBAGE
HERE, I'LL ROLL A BIG FAT ONE JUST FOR US...
—WOW! SO I GET TO DO THE "HONORS," HUH?
UH-HUH. THIS IS JUST LIKE SMOKING A "PEACE PIPE" FOR US, ISN'T IT? =TEE-HEE!=
HEH-HEH..


EPILOGUE...
KEEP OUT!
STAN FREBERG
TONIGHT ONLY
WANTED
>AHEM!<
HMM? OH, I'M SORRY, CAN I HELP—
..OH IT'S YOU..
YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE, YOU KNOW THAT?
I DO? I—
LISA'S BEEN SUPER DEPRESSED EVER SINCE THAT DAY YOU DECIDED TO PAY HER A "VISIT."..
..YOU REALLY LAID A GUILT TRIP ON HER, DIDN'T YOU?
!!
I DID? I—
Y'KNOW, IF YOU CARED ABOUT HER AT ALL YOU'D JUST LEAVE HER ALONE AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
...WHAT YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE IS THAT THIS IS THE REAL LISA NOW---SOMEONE YOU'VE NEVER REALLY KNOWN, LET ALONE WOULD'VE APPRECIATED..
WINNIE THE POOH
...SO DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME LOOKING FOR YOUR POOR LOST LITTLE GIRLFRIEND ANY-MORE, BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST! UNDER-STAND?!?
S-SURE! LOUD AND CLEAR!
GOOD! GLAD TO HEAR IT!
GOODBYE, "BUDDY"!
SLAM!!
SHRUG!
SHRUG!

HATE

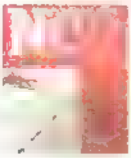
WRITE TO:
PETER BAGGE % FANTAGRAPHICS
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE
SEATTLE, WA, 98117
emaibag@scn.org

Yes, as you can see, I finally got me one o' them thar new fangled e-mail addresses YEEEEE-HAW! So now all of you have the option of using the latest, state-of-the-art technology to berate and harass me. *What fun!* (My on-line server was very reluctant to let me use a more obvious user ID such as "hatemail," or any other configuration with the word "hate" in it, which is why I'm stuck with the relatively cutesy one you see above. I would've complained, but then I figured that perhaps they were trying to do me a favor!) What finally pushed me into doing this was my envy over the huge, immediate response Rick Altergott received when he solicited electronic votes for his "Henry Hotchkiss vs. 'Stinkhair' Stu" campaign. (Good ol' Henry won by a landslide, I'm relieved to say. Otherwise I would've felt compelled to renounce my citizenship!) However, the last time I spoke to Rick he complained that the response has grown into an "overwhelming burden." Gulp! Oh well, it's too late now. We must all press forward into the twentieth century, even if it kills us!



And now for what's always the hardest part of writing this column, and that's writing about comics and magazines other than my own. But what helps make this task a little easier is when I have an opportunity to tout something new by one of my close friends and cronies, and I'd like to thank close friend and crony Jim Woodring for providing me with just such an opportunity by changing the name of his regular comic title from **Jim** to **Frank.** What's in a name, you ask? Not much, really, assuming you're already familiar with Woodring's work, and groove on his schtick. What difference there *is* is the extra focus on his popular character "Frank," who already was regularly featured in **Jim** (are you following this?). And just like I did in last issue, when I tooted the clarion horn on behalf of The Hernandez Brothers, I'm urging all of you slow movin' slackers (in the *true* sense of the word) to shuffle on down to the comics shop and grab a copy of **Frank #1** before the train once again leaves the station without you. *Now get movin'!!!* ($2.95 from Fantagraphics Books) One of the most impressive self-publishing debuts in the history of comics has got to be **Spud #1**, by Art Baxter, an artist that I

know absolutely nothing about, though it's quite obvious that this fellow has been around and knows his stuff. Partially paid for by a grant from the wonderful Xeric foundation, this "big premiere issue" lives up to its billing, what with its 44 pages and beautiful full-color cover. The artist is clearly inspired by "Smokey Stover" in the same way, and for the same reasons, that Kaz seems to be, and there's the strong aroma of an *intense catholic upbringing* permeating everything! A must-have item! ($3.50 to: P.O. Box 4673, Phila., PA,19127)... On the opposite end of the production scale (though it also has a full-color cover, and it's only a *buck*, f'r crissakes) is Kevin "Boobie Tit" Scalzo's new creation, **Chop Suey #1**. This one's all about a young lady who wakes up, eats, shits and then masturbates, and it's a very charming story indeed, in spite of this description. Order now, and rejoice in the fact that Kevin's no longer doing a title called "Boobie Tit"! ($1.00 to: 354 N. 83rd St., Seattle, WA, 98103) When you consider all the rules and lists of dos 'n' don'ts involved in producing a syndicated daily comic strip, it's an absolute miracle when something even remotely worth reading appears in your daily paper. And one of those miracles is Patrick McDonnell's **Mutts**, a simple-yet-beautifully drawn comic strip about a dog and a cat that will make you laugh. A book collection, simply titled "Mutts," and featuring a foreword from ol' "Sparky" (a.k.a. Chas. M. Schulz) himself, is available now for only $9.95 from Andrews and McMeel, and if, like mine, your local paper doesn't carry the strip, call them up and politely inform them that "Mutts" is syndicated by King Features and that if they don't start supplying you with your daily dose of doggie and kitty-cat jokes a.s.a.p. that you're gonna pull an Oklahoma City on their downtown office building. *That* oughta do the trick... New Jersey's listener-sponsored radio station WFMU has been putting out its own magazine, entitled **L.C.D.**, for some time now and the latest issue to cross my path, #18, is a hum-dinger! With features on the likes of muscle man/entrepreneur Joe Bonomo as well as MSR "genius" Rodd Keith, plus a list of contributors that includes our own Rick A., cover artist Bob Armstrong, Miriam Linna, Lynne Von S., Danny Hellman, etc., etc., etc...you couldn't possibly feel short-changed. High density entertainment for only $4.00 from: Box 1568, Montclair, NJ, 07042... Another long-time crowd pleaser is **Nancy's Magazine**, a self-published, digest-sized bit o' wonderfulness that I haven't seen in ages, until I recently bumped into Editor Nancy Bonnell-Kangas and her husband Greg and discovered that they've been crankin' this baby out on a sort of an annual basis all along. The most recent issue, the "Mark Issue," features stories and comics by people named Mark (including Mark Martin!), testimonials by people who have dated people named Mark, as well as question marks, Kmart markdowns, magic markers, "mark my words"...well, you get the idea. Plus the usual science projects, Brad Johnson comics, and tons of rare fascinating facts and info. For some reason a lot of female 'zine editors also happen to be *librarians*, and in Nancy's case it's *really obvious!* ($3.00, Box 02108, Columbus, OH, 43202)... And once again I'm exposing my weakness for all things *blatantly self-obsessive* by plugging **Treasure Trove #1**, a dense, Xeroxed self-pub by first-timer Eva M. Sollberger: Comics, diary excerpts, drunken ranting, bitter self-loathing... it's all here in spades. And don't make fun, because I know you all relate! ($2.00, Box 7116, Berkeley, CA, 94707-0116)... And finally, when people use the phrase "up from underground," they must be talkin' 'bout Ms. Lisa Carver, who has just taken another step towards world domination with the release of **Dancing Queen**, her first collection to be published by a "real" publisher (Owl Books, Henry Holt & Co., $12.00 at the Barnes & Noble nearest you). Not surprisingly, her writing seems to have been somewhat cutesified and gussied up, in what we can only *hope* is a successful attempt to make her whole *oeuvre* a bit more palatable to the general public. But for all you completist-types who'd prefer to be exposed to her world-view "in the raw," those decidedly underground creepazoids at Feral House Press have made life a whole lot easier for you by publishing **Rollerderby**, ***The Book*** ($14.95, and probably *not* at the Barnes & Noble nearest you, so if necessary write to Feral House at: Box 3466, Portland, OR, 97208)... And now to put on our galoshes, as we begin our stroll through the muck and mire...



Dear Mr. Bagge,

...I like HATE. I'm not going to go into any detail as to why I like it, but I do like HATE. I'm not going to say *what* I like about it, but I really do like it. I'm not going to tell you all the things I like about it, all the *little* things I like about it, but I really do like it. I'm not going to tell you all the things I like about it, every little thing I like about it, or what *precisely* I like about it, but rest assured I do like HATE. I've been buying every issue since it came out, so you really don't have to worry, I really do like HATE.

E. Steven Fried,
Leonia, NJ

Peter,

I just picked up HATE #24, and I had to write in after this one. I've spent a good deal of time in therapy and I've experienced the joys of both Zoloft and Prozac within the last year (I'm clinically depressed, not manic). I've been lucky enough to have been in the care of good, non-indulgent psychiatrists, though I've heard about the Dr. Ponzer types (I like that name, by the way). In any case, it was about time Lisa got herself on the couch, and that the two of them finally had a much needed blood-letting.

Have you ever gone into therapy, Peter? Or gone on happy pills? *(No — or at least not yet! —PB)* I mean, jeez. I quit taking Prozac for three weeks, and I went right back to feeling all the symptoms that dear old Lisa was exhibiting (the pills never gave me gas, though). . I guess all I'd like to say on behalf of all of us with off-kilter brains is that it was nice to see an appropriate mixture of understanding, intolerance, and overt frustration with us. Anything is better than that "oh-you-poor-dear" attitude. So thanks!

Kurt Kaletka,
Jersey City, NJ

BAP!" "FRAP!" "FLURGE!" "POOT!" — Is this what they mean by "listening to Prozac"?

Joe "Doofus Rules!" Strike,
NYC, NY

Dear Peter,

PLEASE KILL LISA

Everything else in HATE is great.

Buddy's high school pal being a church going cop. Funny!

Butch thinking the Mexican waitress is eyeing him. Funny!

But when the focus shifts back to Buddy and his shitty relationship with Lisa the humor stops. Lisa fucking Buddy's nasty ex-brother in-law was creepy and upsetting beyond belief! Lisa seems to be the road block on the comedy highway. So kill her and everything should get better.

Oh yeah, and more Stinky, too.

King Lou,
NYC, NY

Stinky will be back in HATE #26, and I guarantee you'll be sorry you asked. —PB

Well, that scum-sucking, cheating, bitch whore has gone too far this time. Buddy must get revenge somehow. The next few issues should be entirely devoted to Buddy humiliating that red-headed, slime-encrusted, bony-assed sleazebag. Then have Lisa permanently disabled in a wheel chair as she watches Buddy carried off by some trophy bitch. I HATE THAT CUNT.

Meanwhile, keep up the good work,

Ron Russitano,
Phantom of the Attic Comics
Pittsburgh, PA

I'd just like to state for the record that female HATE fans should feel both welcome and encouraged to shop at Phantom of the Attic Comics in Pittsburgh, PA. —PB

Lisa is pregnant with Joel's love child. You should send me free stuff for anticipating this joyous event. Buddy will assume the child is his own, never knowing the truth of its birthright. I just wrote this script for you send me free stuff. I am giving you some of my own original art. Matte it and hang it in your studio. Are you catholic? Catholicism isn't so bad. I went to Catholic school for two years. You can either endure mildly tyrannical nuns or be stabbed in the back at a public school. If Lisa has an abortion I will kill you.

Love,

Edward Jenner
Watkinsville, GA

PS. See if you can snag me some of that Fine European Porn lying around Fantagraphics.

PPS. Now that you've sold out, do you take death threats seriously? *(Not as long as I don't show Lisa having an abortion. —PB)*

The Bippy Family says hello from their home at Bizarro Wuxtry, in Athens, GA. **(Photo by Devlin)**

Dear Mr. Bagge,

You suck. Who the hell do you think you are by ruining HATE? It's in color and color sucks dung!!!... Just kidding. I really don't give a flying fuck. HATE still cracks me up. All your critics should wake up from their *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* wet dreams.

Carmen Sarlo,
Turnerville, NJ

PS. When are The Action Suits going to play in Philadelphia?

If and when they do play in Philadelphia it'll be without me. I no longer perform live with the Action Suits, mainly due to the fact that we suck. —PB

Hey, ignore all those assholes who call you a "sell-out." I know I'm gonna sell out when I get my break. Once I get around to making my own comic book, I'll do whatever it takes to make the dough. Watch for "The Unholy Dudes" (not a superhero book) when I get around to making it. I just need financial support, a publisher, and motivation. Other than that, I'm well on my way to the big times!

Tom Esselman,
Grand Prairie, TX

Here's an idea for working Pops back into the storyline. You know how the Pops Bradleys of the world get attached to their tools, right? How about if the Ghost of Pops haunted the house saying: "My hammer! My hammer! WHERE'S MY HAMMER?!? Which one of you bastards stole my hammer?!?" That would be a funny sight to see for some poor pick-up Mom brought home for a one-night-stand.

Think about it.

Sloppy,
Editor, Lie Bull Fanzine
Gilbertsville, PA

And finally, some words on "Doofus"

. Reading Rick Altergott's strips in the back of HATE inspired me to order a copy of *Doofus* #1 a while back. For weeks after I read it it remained lying on the floor in the middle of my room, and every time I'd walk by it I'd look down, chuckle, and say softly to myself "Doofus."

Dave Blaszkiewicz,
Grand Rapids, MI

I can't believe there are losers out there who don't care for "Doofus." Frankly, I think Altergott's work is better than yours. *(Hey, now wait a minute... PB)* And please don't let him kill off Henry Hotchkiss. When Henry and Doofus get together, I feel so filthy to read of their antics, and I can't imagine ever reaching that benighted state with this new guy .

Phil Milstein,
Cambridge, MA

...Let me cast my vote for Henry Hotchkiss. Somehow I can't see Doofus playing his "naked games" with Stu Stinkhair.

Steve Miller,
Winston, OR

The dean of students at my college was also named Hotchkiss, and in moments of anger we'd refer to him as "Crotch-Kiss."

Bob Fowler,
Eagan, MN

Coming soon, in HATE #26: BUDDY! BUTCH! JAY! JOFL! JIMMY FOLEY! JAKE THE SNAKE! "PENCILS"! And even STINKY! They're all together at last, and they all HATE EACH OTHER'S GUTS!!!

Plus much, MUCH more! Don't miss it!

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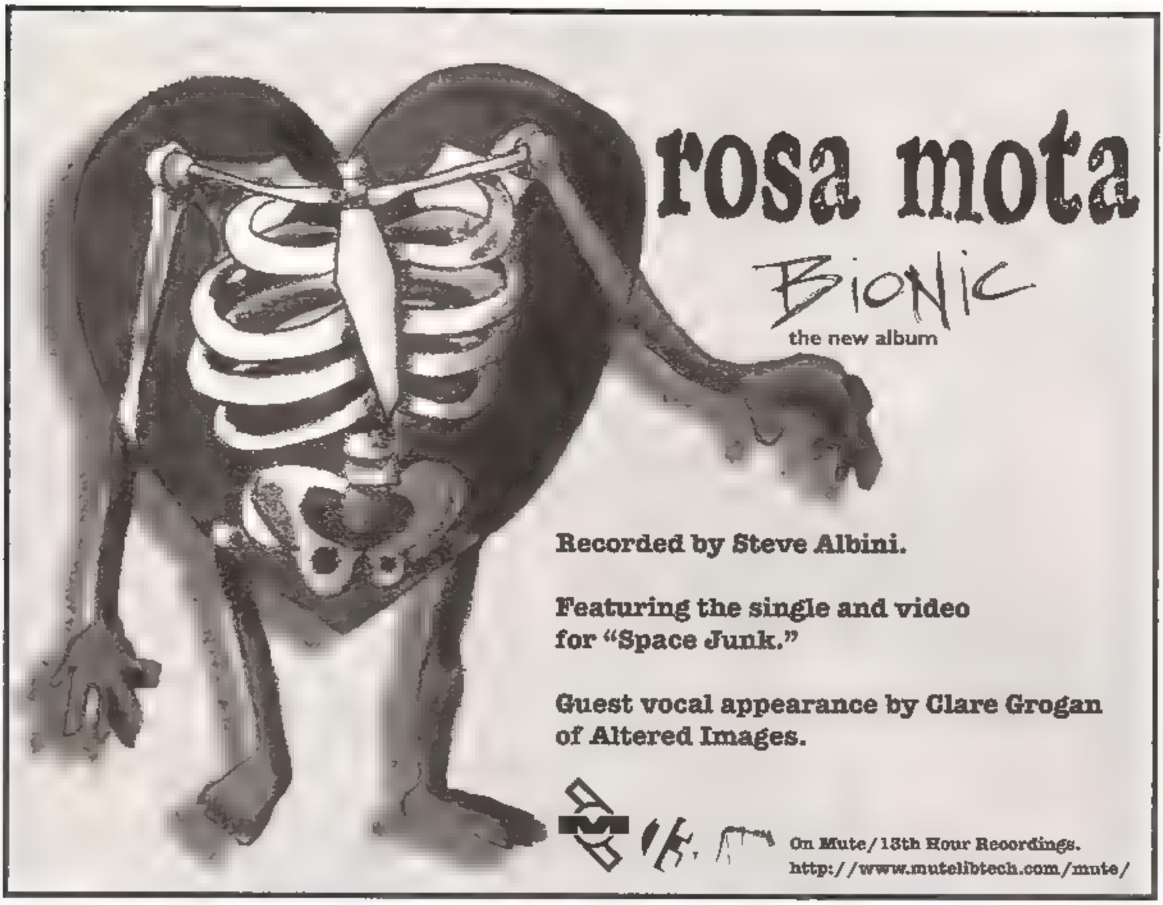
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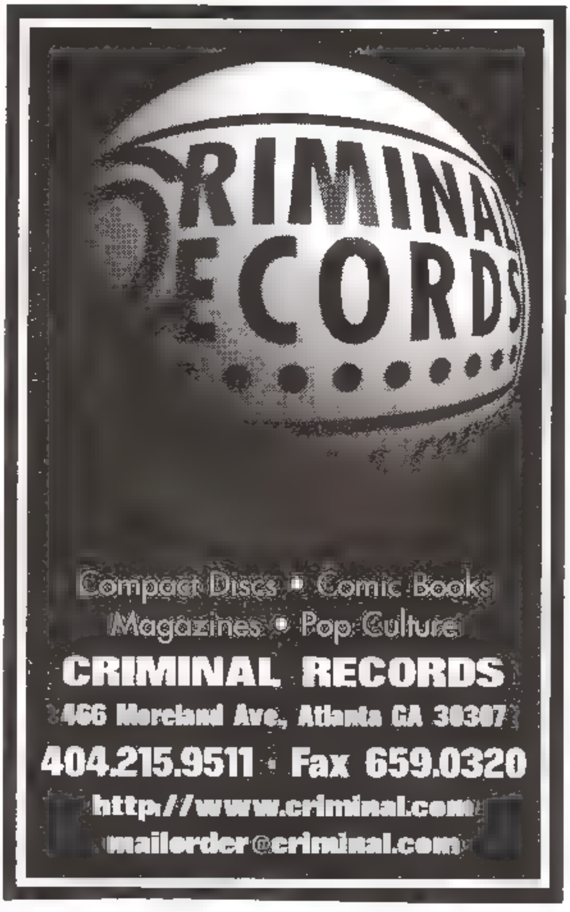
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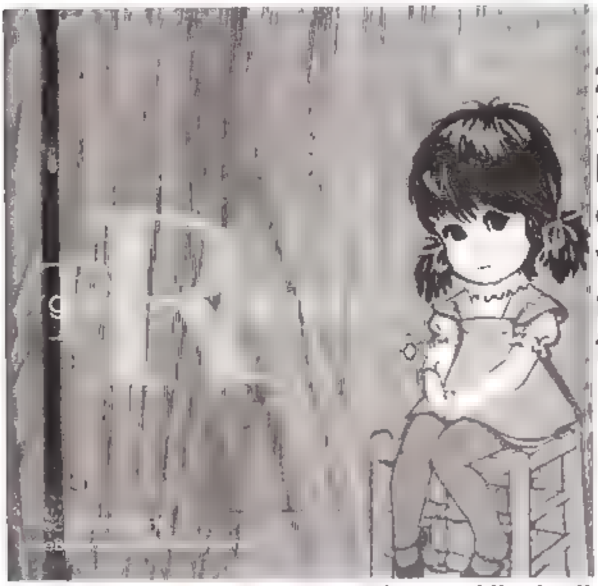

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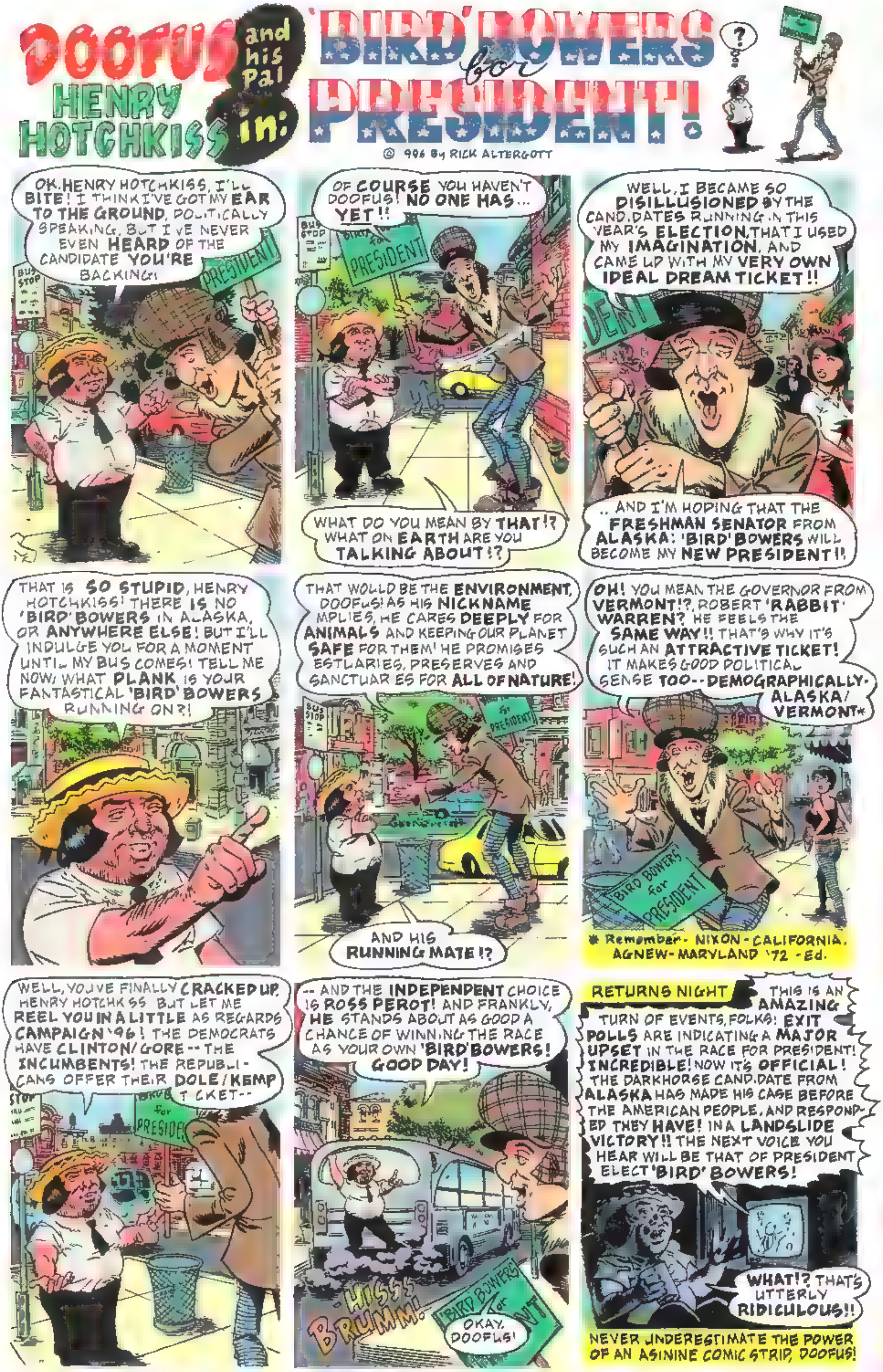
DOOFUS and his Pal HENRY HOTCHKISS in:
'BIRD' BOWERS for PRESIDENT!
© 996 By RICK ALTERGOTT
OK, HENRY HOTCHKISS, I'LL BITE! I THINK I'VE GOT MY EAR TO THE GROUND, POLITICALLY SPEAKING, BUT I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THE CANDIDATE YOU'RE BACKING!
PRESIDENT
BUS STOP
OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T, DOOFUS! NO ONE HAS... YET!!
PRESIDENT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT!? WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!?
WELL, I BECAME SO DISILLUSIONED BY THE CANDIDATES RUNNING IN THIS YEAR'S ELECTION, THAT I USED MY IMAGINATION, AND CAME UP WITH MY VERY OWN IDEAL DREAM TICKET!!
..AND I'M HOPING THAT THE FRESHMAN SENATOR FROM ALASKA: 'BIRD' BOWERS WILL BECOME MY NEW PRESIDENT!!
THAT IS SO STUPID, HENRY HOTCHKISS! THERE IS NO 'BIRD' BOWERS IN ALASKA, OR ANYWHERE ELSE! BUT I'LL INDULGE YOU FOR A MOMENT UNTIL MY BUS COMES! TELL ME NOW, WHAT PLANK IS YOUR FANTASTICAL 'BIRD' BOWERS RUNNING ON?!
THAT WOULD BE THE ENVIRONMENT, DOOFUS! AS HIS NICKNAME IMPLIES, HE CARES DEEPLY FOR ANIMALS AND KEEPING OUR PLANET SAFE FOR THEM! HE PROMISES ESTUARIES, PRESERVES AND SANCTUARIES FOR ALL OF NATURE!
AND HIS RUNNING MATE!?
OH! YOU MEAN THE GOVERNOR FROM VERMONT!?, ROBERT 'RABBIT' WARREN? HE FEELS THE SAME WAY!! THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH AN ATTRACTIVE TICKET! IT MAKES GOOD POLITICAL SENSE TOO--DEMOGRAPHICALLY. ALASKA/VERMONT*
BIRD BOWERS for PRESIDENT
* Remember - NIXON - CALIFORNIA, AGNEW - MARYLAND '72 - Ed.
WELL, YOU'VE FINALLY CRACKED UP, HENRY HOTCHKISS. BUT LET ME REEL YOU IN A LITTLE AS REGARDS CAMPAIGN '96! THE DEMOCRATS HAVE CLINTON/GORE--THE INCUMBENTS! THE REPUBLICANS OFFER THEIR DOLE/KEMP TICKET--
-- AND THE INDEPENDENT CHOICE IS ROSS PEROT! AND FRANKLY, HE STANDS ABOUT AS GOOD A CHANCE OF WINNING THE RACE AS YOUR OWN 'BIRD' BOWERS! GOOD DAY!
HISSS BRUMM!
OKAY, DOOFUS!
RETURNS NIGHT
THIS IS AN AMAZING TURN OF EVENTS, FOLKS: EXIT POLLS ARE INDICATING A MAJOR UPSET IN THE RACE FOR PRESIDENT! INCREDIBLE! NOW IT'S OFFICIAL! THE DARKHORSE CANDIDATE FROM ALASKA HAS MADE HIS CASE BEFORE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, AND RESPONDED THEY HAVE! IN A LANDSLIDE VICTORY!! THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR WILL BE THAT OF PRESIDENT ELECT 'BIRD' BOWERS!
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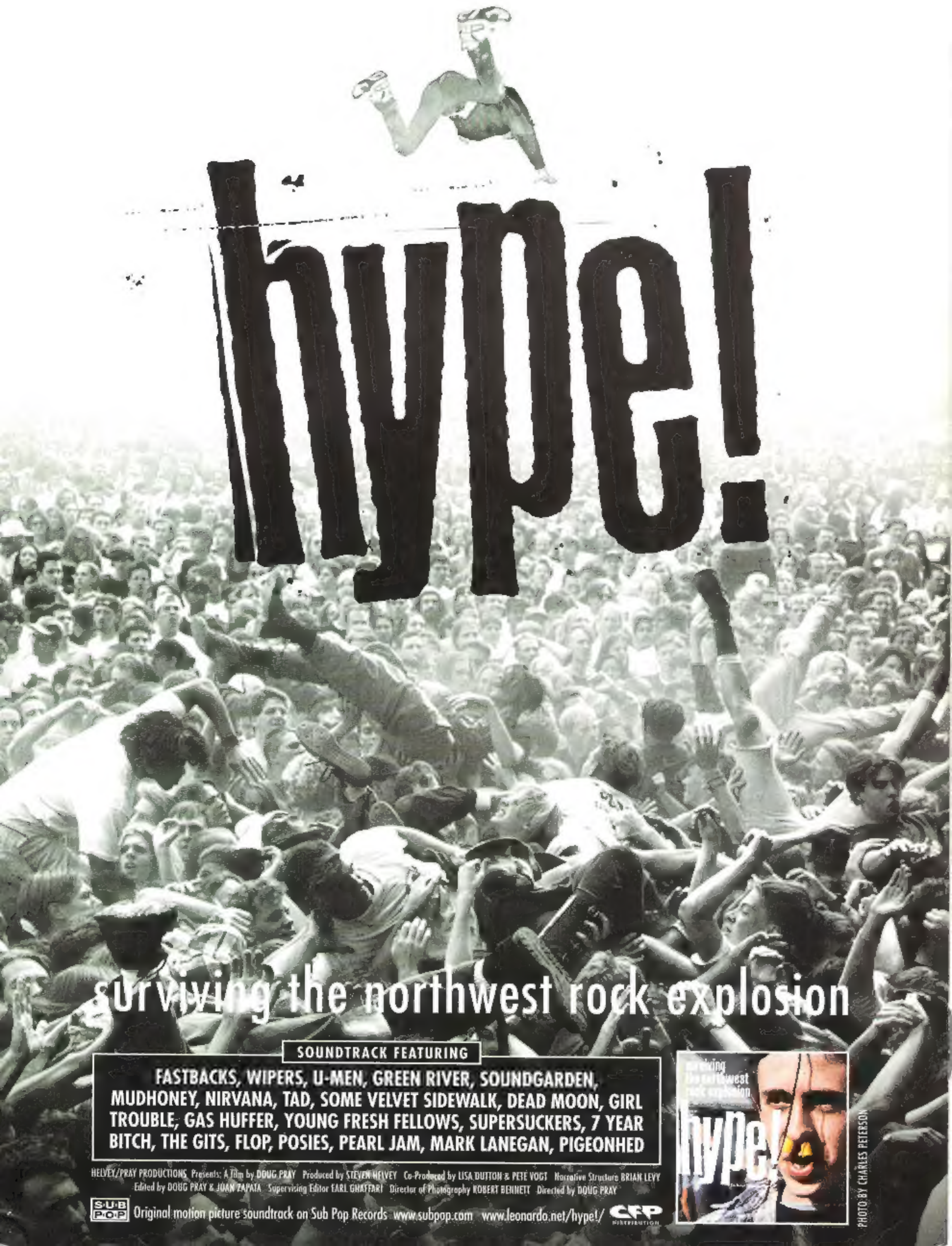

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